# CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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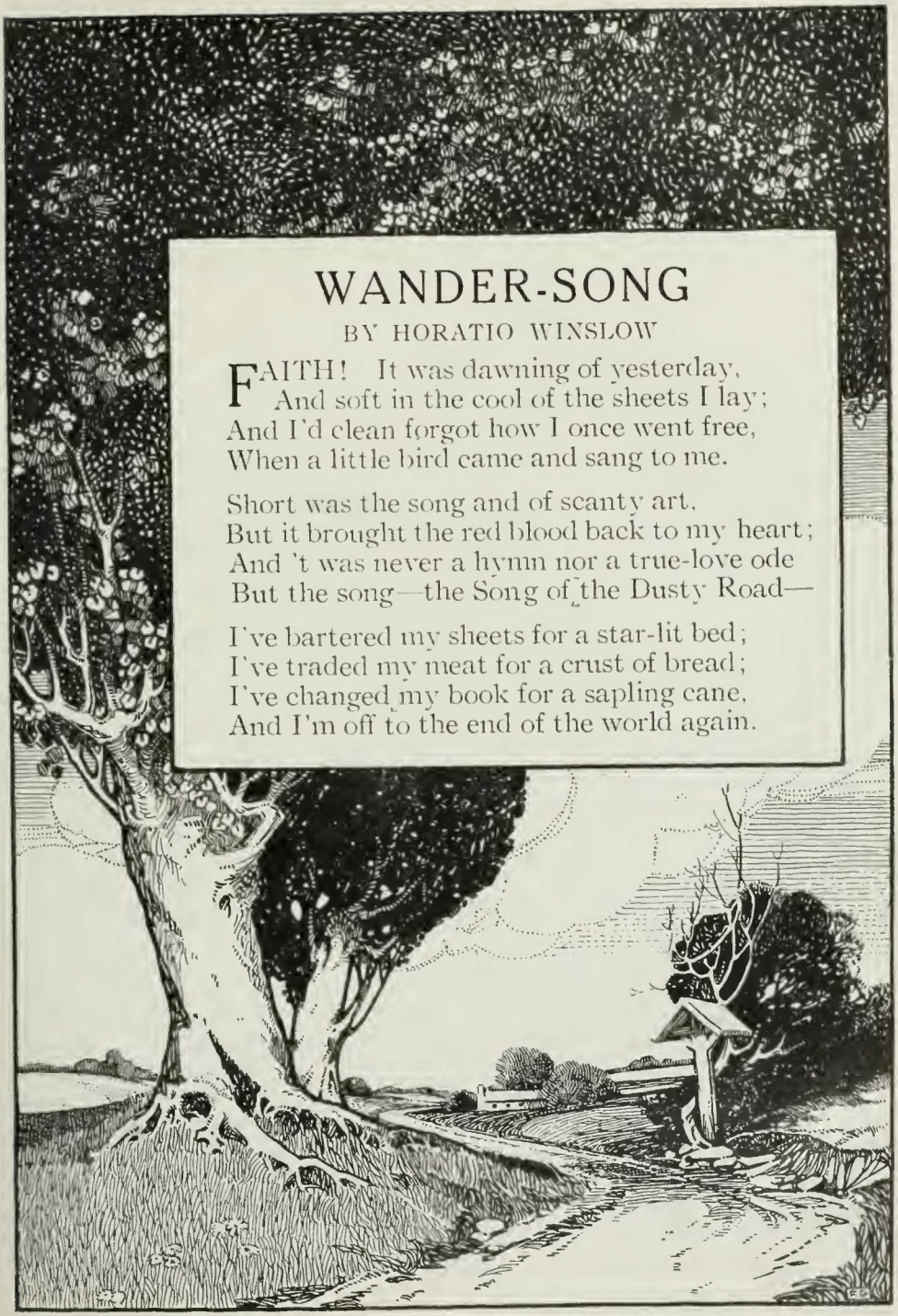


# WANDER-SONG

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

FAITH! It was dawning of yesterday,
And soft in the cool of the sheets I lay;
And I'd clean forgot how I once went free,
When a little bird came and sang to me.

Short was the song and of scanty art,
But it brought the red blood back to my heart;
And 't was never a hymn nor a true-love ode
But the song—the Song of the Dusty Road—

I've bartered my sheets for a star-lit bed;
I've traded my meat for a crust of bread;
I've changed my book for a sapling cane,
And I'm off to the end of the world again.

MOUNT ROBSON ON THE NORTH IS ONE SHEER SWEEP OF NAKED ROCK FROM BASE TO SUMMIT, TOWERING 13,700 FEET IN THE AIR ABOVE FALLS HIGHER THAN NIAGARA. THE CROSS MARKS THE SITE OF CAMP HIGHEST-UP, FROM WHICH MR. KINNEY MADE HIS CLIMB TO THE PEAK

# CANADA MONTHLY

VOLUME VIII. LONDON, JUNE NUMBER 2

## ROBSON—A CONQUERED KING

BY THE REV. G. R. B. KINNEY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE'S a fanciful story of a hunter who sought for the great white bird of Truth, that he had glimpsed faintly, flying high in the dawn, with the rose of morning on her wings. Up against the iron cliffs of Life he faced, seeking her, with only the shuttle of Imagination for an outfit, and only a single snow-white feather from her wings for a sign. Up the foothills he went, up the out-ranges, painfully up the great buttresses of the main ridge; and finally, after a lifetime of effort, died, old and broken, with only a little row of steps cut in the rock behind him, whereon others might climb, but with the single white feather of Truth still lying against his heart.

All I've got to say is that it was just as lucky for him that he and his shuttle weren't trying to make Mount Robson.

We put in three seasons trying to conquer the grim, scarred old peak, and it took every packhorse, and every blanket, and every ounce of grub, and every bit of muscle and nerve we could rake out of our inner consciousnesses—not to mention shuttles—to look abroad from his naked horns on the wrinkled valley of the Fraser.

IT WAS UP THE ICE-CLIFFS OF THIS SIDE THAT OUR PARTY OF 1908 MADE SEVERAL UNSUCCESSFUL CLIMBS

Yes, we had that look—had it on Friday, August thirteenth, 1909—had the ascent of the highest peak in all the Canadian Rockies for Canada and the Alpine Club—and between you and me and the piebald bell-mule, it took most of our faculties to do it.

It was in August of 1907 that I first saw the old bench-mark of 1875 on a big Douglas fir at the summit of Yellowhead Pass, where the waters of the continent divide and turn towards two oceans.

B. M.
M. DIVISION NO. 1
B. M.
T. '72 — 3681.71
M. '75 — 3746.71
Sept. 6th, 1875.

it read, roughly scored on the naked wood by an engineer's party thirty-five years ago. Thirty-five seasons had patiently striven to cover it with overlapping bark; thirty-five spring flows of amber balsam had tried to heal the scar, but it still stood out clear beside the fresh yellow mark of the Grand Trunk Pacific engineers, whose new line follows hard on the old trail.

But that doesn't mean that the summit of Yellowhead Pass is a popular resort by any means. Only a very rude trail marks the progress of civilization there, yet. We knew all about that rude trail. It had been worse than rude to us for two hundred miles—ever since we left Laggan with the gay intention of climbing Mount Robson. We had hauled our ten horses, individually and collectively, out of the Pipestone muskegs; we had hewn our way and scratched our faces in the fallen timber of the Saskatchewan and the Brazeau, and tumbled off and into things innumerable times; we had seen the big Columbia Glacier, were intimately acquainted with Mounts Wilson, Coleman and Athabasca; had fed our beasts in the high pastures of the Big Horn and the Goat and the Cariboo. Yes, we knew that trail to the point of calling it by its first name, and when we finally camped on the bank of the Miette, and after building a raft, gingerly trusted ourselves and our outfit to the mercies of its tumbling waters, we almost sighed with relief.

For a score or more of miles we followed the Miette. The Rainbow Mountains, in all their gorgeous colors, flanked us on either hand, and brooded over us while we tumbled with the

current, or toiled across timbered bottoms and sunny meadows where the wild pea-vine grows as high as the horses' girths. Up here is the lair of all the rivers of the continent. We were constantly fording them—wetness was the habitual condition of our collective trouser-legs, and a good share of most of our possessions. Personally, I could have got along very comfortably with a few less rivers, and I fancy the rest of the party felt the same way, after the three hundred and sixty-first ford.

The party was an Alpine Club party, however, used to such incidents, and we had a definite purpose in view, which no amount of fords could discourage; to climb Mount Robson. No white men had ever been known to reach the king of the Canadian Rockies, and Dr. Coleman, of Toronto University, had organized us from the members of the Alpine Club, with this intention. We were at least going to see the huge mountain; if possible, to reach the top.

Finally we passed the last barrier, crossed the last ford, and swung into the valley of the Grand Forks. Eight or ten miles away the great limestone wedge of the king, 13,700 feet up in the air, buttressed across the whole valley, with a fall bigger than Niagara roaring unnoticed at his feet, and the whole north side of him one gigantic, sheer, unbroken rock-faced slide from pinnacle to base, rose before our overawed gaze. The grand, isolated peak, cloaked with untold ages of snow, towering far above all the other peaks of its range, its high-flung crown almost touching heaven, its perpendicular walls and overhanging glaciers brooding over the deep valleys with awful calm, is one of the grandest sights imaginable to man. We stood at gaze, saying nothing. The words hadn't been invented.

We did not make the summit that year, for Mount Robson cloaks himself in storms, and is not sympathetic towards venturesome human ants, but we did a great deal of investigation around his lower slopes. I, from my roving disposition, became the explorer of the party, and was constantly wandering off on solitary jaunts. My first discovery was the beautiful lake that bears my name, and nestles at the foot of Robson on his western side. It rivals Lake Louise for beauty—and in fact, the whole region, dear as Banff, Paradise Valley, Lake Louise, Yoho

TUMBLING GLACIER CONSTANTLY DISCHARGES ICE-BERGS WITH THUNDEROUS CRASHINGS INTO BERG LAKE.

and Glacier are to the heart of the mountain-lover, without doubt surpasses the beauties of all the known Canadian Alps.

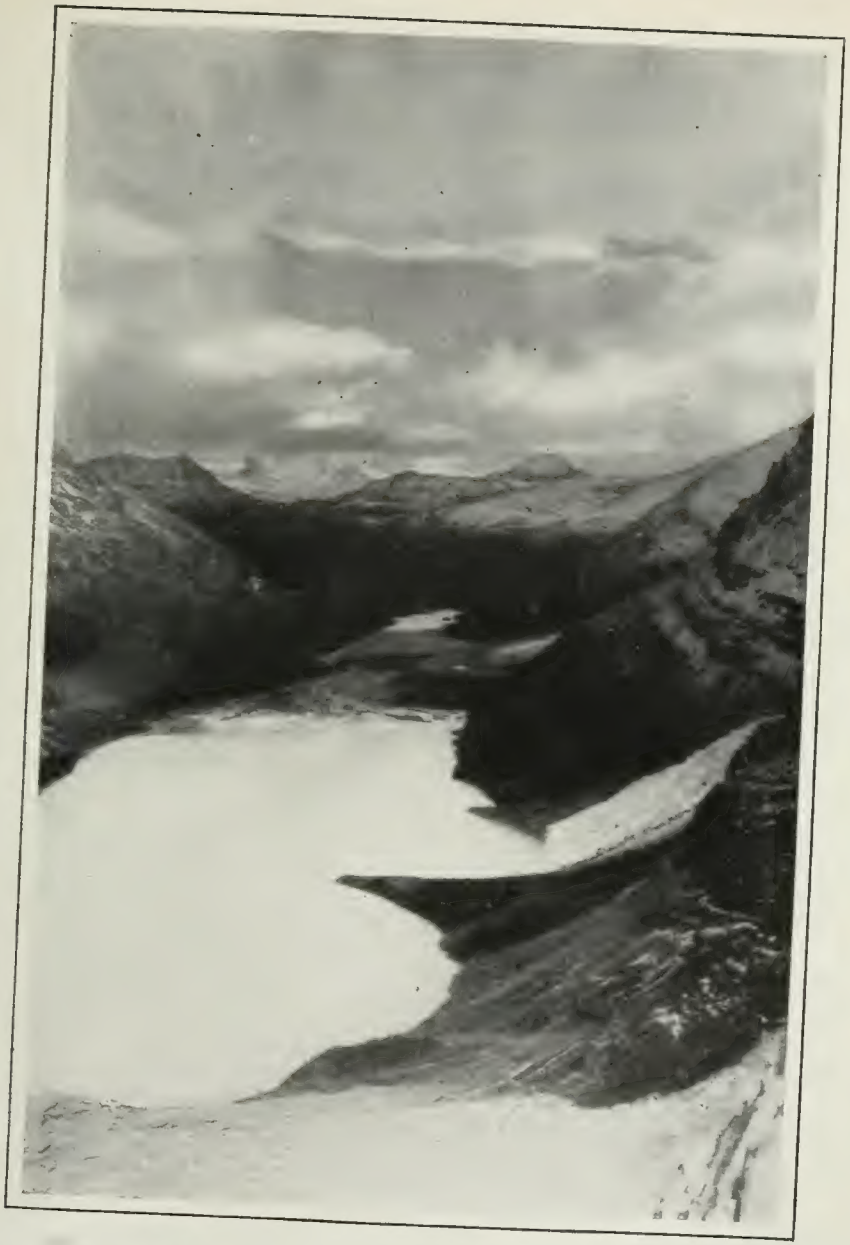
So fearful is the height of Mount Robson above this valley, and so sheer is its whole face, that the avalanches slide from its very highest peak to within a few yards of the lake, where they lie the year around, at an altitude of not more than two thousand five hundred feet.

On every side of the great "Valley of a Thousand Falls", a huge wall of perpendicular cliffs, thousands of feet high, hems the valley in closely. Here and there, on sheltered ledges, patches of spruces relieve with their dark greens, the greys of the rocks, while everywhere the numerous streams from the great glaciers all around plunge over the high precipices in countless falls of spray. A mighty tongue of ice lolls over a cliff at the head of the valley and curves so low as to reach the valley floor, while here and there in the bottom of the valley are huge springs from which flow full-fledged streams. A high-up glacier on the west has such a large field of snow at its source and flows down so steep an incline that huge chunks of ice are constantly breaking off its precipitous front and crashing into the valley below. The most fearful avalanche I ever saw came from this glacier, and it took ten minutes by my watch for the foremost chunks of ice to reach the valley bottom.

At the head of the valley and to the north, rises Mount Turner, a splendid peak of some twelve thousand feet altitude, while to the right, at an altitude of between two and three thousand feet above the valley, the Grand Forks, swift flowing from Berg Lake, leaps from the cliff and forms a superb falls as high as Niagara, then plunges in a number of beautiful cataracts down a very narrow gorge, till it sweeps across the floor of the valley. And from the Goat trail, that winds in and out among these overhanging cliffs, truly the "Valley of a Thousand Falls" is a marvel of Alpine scenery.

Failing to climb Mount Robson in 1907, owing to climatic conditions, our party returned the next summer, and made several heroic

AROUND THE SHOULDER OF MOUNT ROBSON REACHES A MIGHTY TONGUE OF ICE A MILE WIDE AND SEVERAL MILES LONG



HERE IS THE DIVIDE OF THE CONTINENT. THE WATERS OF BERG LAKE FLOW TOWARDS THE PACIFIC ; THE STREAMS FED BY LAKE ADOLPHUS IN THE DISTANCE REACH THE ARCTIC SEAS

attempts up the east side of Mount Robson. We camped high up on the big glacier three different times, only to be driven back by storms. We succeeded in making two splendid climbs up the great cliffs of ice and snow on that east side, reaching an altitude of 10,500 feet the first time, or as high as the top of Mount Stephen, and 11,700 feet or higher than Mount Temple, the second attempt. All day long on each trip we labored among extreme dangers of avalanche and crevasse, but our efforts to reach the peak that year were not crowned with success.

Failing as a party, I made a two-day

THE SNOWY HEAD OF MOUNT HELMET RISES 12,000 FEET IN THE AIR, AND IS SO CLOSELY ATTACHED TO MOUNT ROBSON AS TO SEEM ALMOST A PART OF THE MAIN PEAK

try up the rock face of the north shoulder of the mountain by myself. I slept on a snow-covered ledge, a thousand feet above tree line, and then toiled on the next day till the middle of the afternoon, reaching an altitude of nearly eleven thousand feet, but a blizzard drove me down, so that attempt failed also.

This year, 1909, hearing that an American party was about to seek the coveted prize, and being unable to obtain companions for a party, I got together a pack train of three horses and three months' provisions and left Edmonton alone to capture the mountain, hoping to pick up a companion on the trail.

Countless difficulties retarded my progress, horses would get stuck in the muskegs and packs come off; flooded rivers had to be crossed, in one of which I nearly lost my whole outfit. On this occasion only the most drastic measures saved my camera and photographs, for many of the best photographs that illustrate this article are taken from negatives that on this occasion were rolled and tossed with the pack-horse that carried them and myself, for over half a mile by the raging, foaming floods of that mountain torrent.

At the place where I swam my horses across the Athabasca, I fortunately fell in with Donald Phillips, a young Ontario guide, and persuaded him to go along with me.

We followed the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific over the Yellow Head and down the Fraser as far as the Moose River, which we followed to Moose Pass, and from there we reached

WE TOILED ACROSS SUNNY MEADOWS WHERE THE WILD PEA-VINE GROWS AS HIGH AS THE HORSES' GIRTHS

the east side of Mount Robson by way of the Upper Smokey.

A year before when I went up the valley of the Smokey with Dr. Coleman and party, a terrific electrical storm was raging, followed by a heavy fall of snow. But this year Phillips and I found the place flooded with glorious sunshine and a cloudless sky, and as we swung around a promontory, six miles away Mount Robson stood—a startling wonder of mighty height and dazzling purity. Spontaneously, exclamations of surprise and wonder burst from our lips and we realized if we were ever to reach those glory-crowned heights, our work was certainly cut out for us.

On Saturday, July twenty-fourth, Phillips and I made our permanent camp at tree-line, on the north shoulder of Mount Robson. We turned our horses loose to wander where they pleased, and for three weeks they fattened on the sweet grasses of the mountain meadows.

The following day being Sunday, we took a well-earned rest. Monday dawned fine and clear. We spent the morning in making preparations for a high-up camp. Then shouldering our heavy packs, we climbed the cliffs and rolled up in our blankets that night in a sheltered nook on the west side, nearly ten thousand feet above the sea. The next day we fought our way up the almost vertical north side of the peak and chopped our way up the steep ice of its couloirs, but by three o'clock we had attained an altitude of not much more than eleven thousand feet, so we returned to the permanent camp at the foot of the mountain to re-provision for another trip.

Wednesday night, July twenty-eighth, found us camped on a narrow ledge several hundred feet higher than our high-up camp of the Monday before. Besides three or four days' provisions, we had also packed up those mighty cliffs some thirty pounds of split dry wood.

While eating our supper of warmed-over beans and stew, we feasted our eyes on the wonderful scenes around us. With only one or two exceptions, the peaks were all on a level with or below us. Countless glaciers of purest white hung in long crystal curtains from the peaks and dotted the landscape for hundreds of miles as far as the eye could see, as if a mighty sea of swirling billows had been turned to stone and its foaming fury to ice. The setting sun had bathed this scene in a flood of red and gold. But the blues shaded off into purples, and the purples to deepest indigo, till the gathering night rose out of the valleys, eight thousand feet below, and changed those gorgeous sunset tints to sombre blacks and greys, save where the snow-fields gleamed under the light of the stars. We wrapped ourselves in rabbit-skin robes and eiderdowns to keep out the biting cold, while the wind, though only a zephyr in the valley below and coming out of a fine weather sky, drowned the orchestra of a thousand waterfalls and swept our high-up shelf with the fury of a fierce gale, while now and then the avalanche boomed and roared. Then the early morning brought again the sun and painted the scene anew. Oh, it was well worth the desperate fight just to see the sun so rise and set.

In that early morning light we tackled a new route up that wall of rock before us with such success that by nine o'clock we had attained an altitude equal to the highest we had reached Tuesday, July twenty-seventh, over 11,000 feet. But at this height every possible lodging place was filled with snow and ice, and so fearful was the work of step-cutting in the ice that it was afternoon before we had climbed higher than 12,000 feet. That northern edge of the peak seemed only a few hundred feet above us when we turned back for camp.

At a little below eleven thousand feet I left Phillips in charge of the packs and set off to explore a better route for our next climb. Following a ledge around to the west and south for half a mile, I rounded the northwestern shoulder to find that the great west side of the peak offered far better climbing than the cliffs of the north, and hope sprang up afresh in my heart. All we needed was good weather.

That little side trip had so delayed us that it was long after dark before Phillips and I got back to "Camp

Higher-up" on the little ledge, so we had to spend another wretched night in the cold. A snowstorm rose in the night, and by early daylight the drip from the rocks above us had so soaked our bedding that, cold, wet and breakfastless we were finally routed from our rude little bed and, plunging through the screaming gale, sought the comforts of our camp at the foot of the mountain.

From July thirtieth to August ninth, it stormed incessantly on the mountain. As we were almost completely out of provisions, we spent the time in exploring the country and getting whatever game we could find, ptarmigan, blue grouse, marmots and gophers.

On August ninth, though the weather was still very unsettled, we sought to make our "highest-up" camp on the knob of the northwest shoulder. We each carried a fifty-pound pack on our back to an altitude of ten thousand feet, when a fierce blizzard suddenly stopped our work. Three inches of snow fell in the first ten minutes. Realizing our danger, for avalanches were already roaring about us, we cached our packs in a niche in the cliffs and hurriedly with no small risk, sought the valley below.

Three days later we succeeded in worrying our packs up to the "knob," between 10,500 and 10,700 feet altitude, on the west, where we succeeded in making a bed on a snow-covered shelf. Our sleeping place that night, as to altitude and surroundings, would closely resemble the very peak of Sir Donald or Stephen, excepting that the valleys below us were much deeper and at the low altitude of little more than two thousand feet. For hundreds of miles the peaks lay at our feet. Scores of miles of the Fraser valley lay open below us like a map and the mighty Fraser was but a tiny, crooked thread of silver. Then the valleys disappeared and we were alone with the stars and the snow-white peaks and the grinding avalanches.

Friday, August thirteenth, dawned clear and cold, and by the time the sun rose we were on our way to the peak. The many cliffs we had to climb were only from ten to a hundred feet high, but those hard, smooth, icy slopes between were tipped at an angle of from fifty to seventy degrees. One slip on the part of either of us meant a fearful slide to death thousands of feet below.

The storm-clouds of sleet swept down and engulfed us while we were at little more than eleven thousand feet altitude. We had not enough provisions for another two-day climb. This was our last possible chance and we despaired of ever reaching the peak. But fortunately, though the clouds were very dense and cold, but little snow fell. The storm was a blessing in a way, for though it spoiled our chance of getting pictures, it shut out of view those fearful sheer slopes below.

In five hours of steady work we reached the peak. The clouds broke open for one brief minute, revealing to us a wonder world, with the Fraser more than 11,000 feet beneath us; then the storm swept in worse than ever.

It took us seven hours to reach our "highest-up" camp, so dangerous had the softened slopes become on account of the storm, and by the time we reached our camp in the valley the climb had cost us twenty hours of hard work—but we had finally captured Mount Robson for our country and the Alpine Club of Canada.

Our provisions were gone, and we were hundreds of miles from anything like civilization. We made the trip back on what mountain-gophers and small birds we could pick up, and the only reason why we didn't eat locusts was that they wouldn't sit still long enough to be caught. Finally I reached Edmonton on September sixth, only to find that Cook and Peary were monopolizing the interest of the world, and leaving no room for such small fry as Mount Robson and me.

Still—returning to the fellow who sought for Truth until he died—they found him dead in the hills with a smile on his lips. He *knew*—and so do I.

THE grizzly came out on the face of the farther mountain, three or four miles away as we made it with the glasses. We had followed his trail all day, indeed had traced his daily life for the past two weeks as recorded in the loam of the alder thickets, the soft ground of the creek bottoms and the rocky hillsides where he had plowed for mice and beetles. We lay now for some time watching him, looking out across a wide panorama of rocky slope and forest growth and canon-split declivity. We knew, Stepanoff and I, that it would be a long stalk and a difficult one. The old man wetted a finger and felt for the wind, pointing to the side which cooled most quickly. He shook his head dubiously.

"*Natu karosha*" he said; "wind no good."

"Can we make it across to-night?" I asked him. He looked down the long slopes to the Alaskan sea far away below us, again at the rough country ahead.

"I dinno," he said. "Mebbe so to-morrow bear run off. Mebbe so could get to-night. But no get down mountain."

I put the glasses on the great beast once more as it came into better view, and then silently handed them to the wrinkled old Aleut.

"*Beeg* bear!" he muttered. Then all at once I saw his face light, his eye gleam with fire of the born hunter. "Come!" he said; and pulled his rope belt tighter.

We had never hunted together before that day. We both knew that the great Northern grizzly may sometimes prove dangerous. Yet, for some reason, I had confidence in my wrinkled companion; and I was glad to see that, as he cast me a swift glance, he himself seemed not afraid of the encounter. Without more speech we started down the side of the mountain from whose summit we had sighted our game. We plunged through heavy alder thickets and over brown tundra, across steep canons, now and again waist deep through white, roaring floods at the canon-bottoms, where each needed the shoulder of the other. It was a heart-breaking climb, a neck-risking, laborious business, but we hurried along until we reached a point where more caution was necessary. Fortune favored us. We crawled to the edge of the intervening ridge and saw that our game had not yet taken fright. Apparently the grizzly was making himself temporarily at home. Possibly he would pause there for the night after he had finished eating.

"*Beeg* bear!" whispered Stepanoff again, admiringly. "Come!"

Slowly, cautiously, we edged around a point of our ridge and took cover in a bit of wood. We crawled through more alder thickets, and crossed another brawling torrent, and finally edged up to the foot of the last remaining slope. If the bear heard us he seemed not to care. Part of the time he looked at us stupidly or indifferently, we could not tell which. Once he heaved his vast bulk upright, sitting with drooping

forepaws and sagging head; but he seemed not to locate us, if indeed he scented any danger.

Again I looked at Stepanoff. He had resolved himself now into a dispassionate hunting automaton. His gaze was more contemplative than excited. Presently as we came to a little opening, he stopped and turned to me.

"Close enough!" he whispered, and stepped aside for me to take the first shot.

A full grown grizzly looks large when one comes to close quarters with him. There are men who are known to miss a mark even so large, or to bungle the shot,—though of these Stepanoff is not one, nor yet myself, I trust. At the first rifle crack the grizzly went down with a great roar. Three times more I fired quickly; then I saw a spurt of black powder and heard the roar of Stepanoff's rifle also. The vast gray bulk of the giant bear rolled down the slope, crashing among the undergrowth.

Stepanoff reloaded his magazine and then reached out his hand. "Good shot, partner!" he said. He did not any longer call me "boss".

We were strangely alone up there in the far, cold mountains, yet in some way we seemed closely drawn together, we two, as we started to view our fallen prey. The stooped and crooked form of the wiry old man was of fifty odd admitted years—I suppose over sixty if the truth were known. A sea otter hunter of the old days, Stepanoff, bear hunter also from his youth, silent, grim, yet withal sunny and light of heart, as I had already found him. Hunter he had proved himself and staying traveler in the mountains too, his hard sinews and crooked bones and parchment hide affording cover for a splendid energy. His breeding I do not know. From some source, perhaps from these wild mountains, this stern climate, he had taken a courageous blood. The years seemed to drop from his shoulders as he ran on ahead. He did not wait for me, nor suppose that I would wait for him. We were equals. Presently, in the darkness, we stood over our great bear; and so flung down belts and guns, and dropped the skinning knives and the steel to keep them sharp.

"You skin um bear before?" said Stepanoff as I made the first slit down a leg.

"Plenty time," I said. "Mebbe dozen."

"I kill um fifty-two bear" said Stepanoff; and I have no doubt but that the statement was not only true but exact. It was beautiful to see him work at his own trade of hunter He did two-thirds of the skinning and dismembering, working rapidly in the dripping fog and the dark and the chill which came over us, wet as we now were.

"Hit um here, here," he said, "here, too"; and traced each bullet's course. "All right, plenty soup now. Plenty soup, partner," he repeated to himself. "Him no get away."

At last we had the great robe loose, vast, weaponed with great claws, rude with shaggy wet grey hair, almost a back load for a horse. We added the grinning skull, which might not be spared; and as the camp was without fresh meat and we had no better, we must take home some meat with us. We felt about for bits of rope, sacrificed our braces, pieced out our belts; and so at last rolled up two packs, each very heavy.

Night had now come in the high mountains, here where the snow still lay. Between us and our camp, at the bottom of a deep canon, there ran a roaring mountain stream. Any way we might choose the going would be bad enough.

"Which way down, partner?" asked Stepanoff. He did not call me "boss."

Not answering, I started down the hither side of the canon, not attempting to cross it. We came into the worst of going, endless broken slopes of alder and devil's club. Our packs were very heavy. It was twelve hours since we had eaten and we might not eat for hours yet to come. Our clothing was soaked; fatigue had hold upon us. Sometimes we sat down to rest, and if we dropped then into pools of ice water, we only laughed. "Plenty soup now," said Stepanoff. The mask of his native

THE OLD MAN LIFTED A FINGER AND FELT FOR THE WIND

reticence had dropped. I saw straight into his simple soul. We suddenly seemed strangely akin, we two, coming though we did from widely separated portions of the earth.

It was wearying work, this long descent of the steep mountain in the dark, work not devoid of danger. Stepanoff in time began to tire. Once as he staggered under his load, he leaned for a time with folded hands upon his rifle. He laughed a little laugh and shook his head.

"Ah, partner," he said in his broken speech. "*Young all gone now!*"

I have heard pathos in human speech before, but never did speech cut keener or closer than this of the old native hunter. "Young all gone!" Could it be that I, myself—but no, I would not yet admit that I was not as young as ever. Youth—youth,—must it pass for me sometime, as it had for this man, my partner? I stepped closer to his side and looked at him in the dark; but Stepanoff, thinking I was offering to help him with his pack, laughed,

straightened and plunged on down again.

At last we left the mountain and came out upon a flat near the level of the sea, where the canon river ran deeper though less violent. This dark flood we must somehow cross. As we stepped into the water I reached out for Stepanoff's hand. I found his at the same instant reaching for mine. So, hand each on the other's shoulder, we plunged through, shouting, and the cool wet caught us waist high and refreshed us after all. We scrambled up on the farther bank and sat down, laughing and shouting like two children there in the dark, with the vast white-topped hills above us, the unknown sea below us, the fog and the night and the wind about us. Then, I repeat, I saw straight and deep into the heart of my friend. And I saw no great difference between his soul and mine.

We rose and pushed on to the beach where the sea was roaring. For some miles we could walk on level shingle here and thus, under our heavy packs, we pushed toilfully on, weary with clean fatigue, blessed with clean hunger, exulting as the animal exults which has pulled down its prey. We were weary, but we both were strong. We had not hesitated, had not feared; and we had won. Fatigue to us was a great elemental joy, children as we were, here in the arms of the hills and the sea. You who have known no partnership like that, be sure you will never find it in the towns. It is a thing of the new lands.

Partners I have had, before I ever saw my friend Stepanoff. Once, under peculiarly distressing circumstances, I lost what little wealth I had through the act of an embezzling partner. He was a white man. He fled to Mexico, and I have settled with him because I have never seen him since. Once at a table of gentlemen, as we thought, I was one of several partners, of whom certain ones applied theories of high finance to certain others. Once I had a partner whom I took in for his sake. It was not long before he thought it was done for my sake. Again and again I have trusted a white brother in the old countries, in the cities, to find when a pinch came that he was not my brother, only a civilized man educated in the school of civilized success. So, long ago, I learned to care for few partners, and little to value what white men call success. But as to Stepanoff, sitting here with worn garments, his rude hide shoes soaked, his hat a shred, his face old and weazened, his hair grizzled, his hands bent and broken, his back bowed, his feet mutilated from many accidents of his hard life—I say, I saw into his soul; and I hope he looked into mine.

"YOU SKIN UM BEAR BEFORE?" SAID STEPANOFF

We staggered on until at length the beach narrowed and stopped at the foot of a cliff which we could not surmount. Here we flung down our packs. We cut the cords and freed the great grizzled robe of the giant bear, and spread it out on the shingle by the

I HEARD HIS ANSWER, FAINT ACROSS THE DISTANCE, "GOODBYE, TAVANISH"

sea. It could not make us wetter than we were. We opened the pack of meat and cut a portion of it into strips for broiling.

"Plenty fire, now," said Stepanoff. I count it much credit to myself that I got fire from a dozen matches from my hidden stoppered bottle. Stepanoff laughed in glee as he hurried about in our sodden saturated surroundings and broke off bits of crag, rooted shrubs. "Plenty eat bimeby," he called.

Stepanoff sharpened a stick and spiraled on this a strip of fresh bear meat, resting this spit over against the flame of our tiny fire. We had no salt, but even bear meat so prepared is grateful to those who have hunger such as ours. We ate and broiled again and ate again. Meantime Stepanoff talked to me.

"One time," he said, "my friend and his partner trap foxes back here. One man fall down in deep place. Brokeum leg. Him lie two days. Bimeby partner come. His partner bring water, bring soup, stay there long time. Bimeby that man, his leg get well

Then they both climb up, go home, all right! S'pose his partner run 'way? Him die."

"Suppose I fall, break-um leg, Stepanoff?" I asked him. "You run away?"

"Maybe so run 'way from boss," he grinned. "Not run 'way from partner."

In silence we ate yet more. Stepanoff began to tell me of his early life.

He coughed badly. I saw that he was a victim of the white man's curse, consumption, once unknown on these shores. I asked him about this cough. "All my peoples," he said, "got-um cough. Hunt in cold water, all time wet. Sometime sleep, all time wet—all got-um cough. Bimeby me die, all right all right." He laughed merrily.

"But I got plenty good medicine for cough," he said. He reached down under the triple folds of the shirts he wore outside his trousers and drew out a much folded paper package whose creases were almost worn through. This he carefully put down on a stone by the fireside so that I might see. It held a fine white powder. "This my mos' best medicine," said Stepanoff. "I give three dollaroff for him. I pay doctor at town. That doctor tell me bimeby it cure-um cough."

He handled the white man's medicine reverently. I reached down a finger, touched the powder and put it to my mouth. The medicine was nothing in the world but powdered alum! Rarely has a single discovery shocked me more than this. Stepanoff was a nobleman of his race, worth any man's fair dealing. The white physician who would sell him the tenth of a cent's worth of a worse than useless drug, and charge him, of his poverty, such a sum as this was not worth the name of man. He, however, was civilized. Stepanoff was but a savage. This was what civilized man had done to my partner—my *partner*, mind you; game as any man; not afraid of fatigue, not afraid of risk, anxious to do squarely all his share of the work of the day. Such is the honor of the old lands, of the cities. But may God do even so with that white man on the last day of his merchandising!

"All the time, old days," went on my friend, cheerily. "I have good time. Plenty hunt, plenty eat, laugh, have good time. I kill bear—sleep on his hide that night, eat him that night, all same you and me. Sometime no get meat. No eat then. Sometime no eat three day. S'pose you never go three day without eat?"

I turned now in the darkness to my friend, sitting there as we did, close to our little fire in the dark and the damp, with the roar of the sea at our feet. "Yes, one time I go three day," I answered him.

"Where?"

"Big village, Chicago," I said to him.

"You plenty sick I s'pose?"

"No, plenty hungry."

"Ah-hum?"

"No got dollaroff," I explained to my friend; which was the truth, though perhaps not worthy of record. It made little effect on Stepanoff, who thought that such starving spells come to all men at times.

"Plenty eat when you get soup?" he smiled at me. I nodded.

"You bet your life!" I said succinctly.

But some things I could not, owing to the divergency of our experiences, explain fully to my partner. He laboriously told me of his own life, of his fears, his struggles with the world, of his skill with the bow, of his luck at the fox trapping, of all his many adventures in love and war and living. I could see all his life, a wild panorama of danger, hardship, deprivation, as he talked to me in his broken speech. Two in the wilderness need but little in common language and soon learn a speech which serves them. Thus I saw all the life of my friend, saw that he was a man of honor, that his word was binding; saw that with him a partner was as himself. It seemed to me that as we sat there in the wet, in the dark, that after all men are men, life is life; and that, after all, both are very similar in the eye of the Great Spirit. Where I had suffered, my friend here had suffered. He had fought, as in time I had fought. Her had starved, and so had I, because for the time I had failed to pull down anything in the wolf-fight of life. He had

felt bitter, as I had felt, at wrongs and injustices—had avenged them in time, as I had always striven to do. At times he had felt helpless, as you and I have felt; had raged, as we rage at such helplessness. His conduct had been much the same as mine, as yours, as ours. The night was dark. I could only see the shadows, the outlines of his soul. I could no longer distinguish his face or his color. So sitting thus, as each moment passed I saw that the city is only the wilderness, and the wilderness, after all, only the city. Thus he taught me, I hope, a little of forgiveness, a little of reconciliation, and a little of resignation to life as life inevitably is.

We broiled meat again, and in part dried our clothing. At last Stepanoff drew back from the little fire and crossed himself, as he always did at the finishing of each meal. "*Speseta!*" he said. "That means thank-you". He waved a vague hand above at the dark, far bending sky. So something of religion he knew, as much, perhaps more than I.

He turned now to the rocky beach and spread out the great gray robe. I motioned for him to lie down, but he sat for a time and looked at me with question before he made room for me upon the robe. So, wet, draggled, but successful, we lay down side by side in the rain by the sea, and drew the great skin over us. The rain fell upon our faces. Our fire sizzled into the wetted embers. The sea boomed at our side. Somewhere in the night flying birds made complaint, plaintive, thrilling; but Stepanoff and I, partners, slept very well.

After a time the city called to me again. I do not know why men should live in cities. I do not know why we should eat out our souls in strife and envy, why we should covet what white men call "success." I do not know why we, because white, should rob the man whom we find in our power. Perhaps sometime again I may be hungry in the city without a dollar to buy food—"I dinno," as Stepanoff would say. But at last I left my partner, far out toward where the sea is rough and the rocks are bleak and the world is both old and young, and I came back to the city.

Stepanoff lived in a little hut at the edge of the town where I found him. Stepanoff is poor. He always will be poor. Himself, his wife and five children live in a little room or so. Their bed is a little mattress about three feet long. "Me plenty rich," said Stepanoff to me, however. "Got cow, got four hen, got boy, got two boys work now. All right, partner." How I envied him his smile of content!

I gave to Stepanoff the remnants of our camp supplies, many things useless to me but covetable to him. These with his wages and his little bonuses for successful hunting made him, for the time, rich among his people. He spread out his hands to show how rich and happy he was now. His little family came and stood in line before me and thanked me. But I would not let Stepanoff use the old word "boss".

"You come back nex' year?" asked Stepanoff.

Surely I hope so. But if I do not get back next year or soon I may not again see Stepanoff alive.

"About that cough, Stepanoff —" I began. He put his hand on his breast. "Plenty sore," he said. "Oh, yes, pretty soon die, all right all right!"

He looked at me and I looked at him again. "Yes," I said, "pretty soon both die, all right all right. All mans, all mans pretty soon die."

"Yes," he replied, "all mans die." He smiled again; and there was such unconscious pathos in his smile that I turned away, not too sure about myself.

The steamer came one day into the deep narrow channel of Stepanoff's town, on the far Pacific coast, whither the rails are hurrying now. He did not come to see me off, for he rarely mingled with the white man's crowds; but he knew that the boat must pass within easy hail of his little cabin on the bluff above the pine-edged channel. As we steamed by I saw Stepanoff, his wife and all their children, standing near his cabin, all waving me farewell.

"Look at that fool native!" muttered one traveler who resented such familiarity. But for my part, understanding better, I stepped to the rail

and called out, quite unashamed, "Good-bye, Stepanoff! Good-bye, partner!"

I heard his answer, faint across the distance. "Good-bye, tavanish!"

Now *tavanish* is the native hunter's word, not for "boss" but for "friend, partner."

Ah, *tavanish*, friend, I did not meet you on the street to-day, here in the city—not although I looked into many faces.

# NEW HEARTS FOR OLD

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

THERE came a peddler, bent and brown,
Who cried: "New hearts for old!"
He trudged the highways through the town,
His voice was sharp and cold.
But many a man and many a maid
Ran after him that they might trade
An old heart for a new—
For many a maid and many a man
Believed it was a splendid plan
And one of profit, too.

To-day the folk in all that town
Who have new hearts for old
Watch for the peddler bent and brown,
Whose voice is sharp and cold,
For many a man and many a maid
Since then would goodly sums have paid
For the old hearts anew—
And many a maid and many a man
The broad highway will daily scan
The peddler man to view.

The peddler man—Ah, where is he?
None knows which way he strolled.
He may be near or oversea
Trading new hearts for old,
But many a man and many a maid
Has sorrowed over that rash trade—
An old heart for a new.
And many a maid and many a man
Sighs that it was a foolish plan
For old hearts aye are true.

# Bill and the Emprer

By W. D. Eaton

Illustrations by
Ellsworth Young

THE old circus man had been smoking his pipe in ruminative silence a half hour or so before he felt his memories too strong to be contained. He knocked out the ash against the heel of his boot, and filled up again.

"'Member what I was tellin' you wunst," he began, "about the Old Man firin' the Arabian Goliath an' the Tattood Man over that trouble where the Nova Scotia Giantess' husban' an' the 'lectristy man put the Bearded Lady outa the profession? They done it by shockin' her beard off with 'lectristy while she was asleep through takin' a knock-out drink-cure that Mister Giantess got from Goliath to win 'er affections with. 'Member I told you about that an' the awful clemmin' match between Goliath an' the Tattoo in the freak quarters?

"I mighta never seen them two attractions again if the Old Man hadn't a sent me abroad the time he made his grand stand play before the Crowned Heads o' Europe.

"That Goliath feller certainly woulda run a close second to any livin' press agent fer a offhand liar. He had a story about his bein' the great grandson o' Goliath in the Bi-bel, that belted ten thousan' Philippines offn the yearth with the jaw-bone of a ass, an' about a wife o' his that run away with all his money an' took along his pet goat that could talk, that the Sultan of Arabia tried to buy off him fer a Pullman-loada howries out of 'is hayrem.

"This here Arabian Goliath was nawthin' but a great big hulk of a man nigh eight feet high that useta live in Cobourg, an' his name in private life was Willyum Good. I told you about him—an' about that Tattood Greek. My, my, how them two attractions useta hate each other!

"Well, anyhow. Our Old Man that we had then was the sole an' only owner an' proprietor of the Greatest Moral Show on Earth, circus, menagerie, curiosities an' strange freaksa nacher, an' the finest printin' that ever went on the side of a barn in any country, home *or* foreign, on this *or* any other planet, globe *or* spear.

"When the Old Man had sumpn big a-boilin', he always useta call on me to go out ahead an' cut the first ice. This time 'e had Seenyereeta Yewlala, the Celebrated Az-teck Midget.

"Squeer thing, son, but if you're born little an' stay little, you jest *gotta* be a Midget—professionally. Taint so with Giants, male or female. The's lotsa thumpin' big people 'at never took a dollar to let the public look at 'em, but no tiny ones. It's like mental capac'ty. Some people is born to do all kindsa things, an' some

has jest brains enough to do one. It's like that with Midgets. No matter what else they might like to do, people won t let 'em do nawthin' but jes' go on through life bein' Midgets. They's the only kinda white humans that's born in captivity, as you might say—captivity to the profession o' bein' small.

"This Seenyereeta Yewlala was great - all but 'er size. She wasn't quite fifteen inches high, but she was formed like a Venus D. Medicine, an' she could sing, dance an' converse in seven diffrunt an' distinct languages, do a hurdle act on a toy terrier, play a toy fiddle an' double in brass on a toy cornet about as big as a canvas-needle. She was versed in the shorter catechism an' could reecite 'Curfew Shall Not *Ring* Tonight' an' other moral pieces, an' was very instructive fer ministers o' the gawspel to talk to. You could put 'er in a plug hat turned upside down an' she'd have room enough to do a skurt dance.

"Well, the Old Man thought she was too strong to play with a ring show, an' he got the idea to take 'er over to the effeet monarchies o' the Old World an' put 'er up against the Crowned Heads. An' so he sends me along to look after the printin' an' act as advance man. The' wasn't no press agent work when it come to puttin' it over the Crowned Heads. You can't throw no bull like that into no monarchs. Good strong printin' well put up, an' a common sense showman to make the first spiel, is what goes with them. That's why the Old Man puts me on the job.

"Did I make goo—Say! I had every Crowned Head o' Europe eatin' outa my hand before I'd been with 'em any longer'n it would take a thirsty roustabout to sop a tub o' suds. From the King o' the Sardines down in Italy to the Emprer of all the Rooshias up in Siberia, I had every one of 'em on my staff. Youghta see the medals an' soo-veneers they give me. I got a show-case fulla them in my front parlor to 'home now. It was Bill here, an' Bill there, all over the continong. Up to the palluses fer supper, invited to dances an' everything—me right in the middla the big push, an' wine bein' opened like water. The fat a' the land fer Bill, no matter who got the gristle, but I guess them peasants did. Europe is fulla peasants, an' they're all vassals an' serfs to the Crowned Heads. They do the work, an' the Crowned Heads does the rest.

"I made a ten-strike with old Bismark in Austria, an' down in Boolgaria I had the Zar settin' 'em up fer me in the other alley every time I rolled the ball. The King o' Spain give me a barl-fulla doubloons an' pieces of eight, an' the Sultan o' Turkey give me a soota clothes made outa silver plated steel fer the coat an' a embroidered petticoat that would stand up alone insteada pants, an' a paira hammered brass slippers turned up at the toes an' studded all over with ambergris an' myrrh, an' other precious stones same as them Eastern oilygarches all wears. Had me up to his seerag-lio fer a midnight supper after the show one night, an' of all the doin's—Say!

"The lobsters was broiled in otter of roses, an' while we're eatin' them, an' drinkin' our hubble-bubble, a buncha forty octoroon slave girls romps through a dance they called the mew-ezin, all dressed up in spangled pink mosquito-nettin'. The band was a roomfulla Nubians playin' zim-boom music on cymbals an' minarets behind a open-work screen, an' the wimmin folks had their feed behind another screen that they could see through but we couldn't. I bin told supper in the seerag-lio is a honor accorded to but few Caw-casians of the male sect. He gimme a diamond as big as yer eye when I was comin' away, an' says he,

"'Next time you make this town, Bill, I'll see if I can't introduce ye to a few o' my wives. Couldn't to-night, Bill,' he says, 'because,' says he, 'they's bin quite a hair-pullin' con-test among 'em to-day, an' I've had to give the heft o' them the sack. But I've given a order fer a shipload o' Circassian Beauties,' he says, an' by your next return date,' says he, 'I guess I'll be fixed.'

"'O,' says I, 'don't put yerself out, Akmet,' I says.

"'I won't,' says he, 'it ain't me that gets put outa this joint.' An' he grins,

"HE GIMME A DIAMOND AS BIG AS YOUR EYE"

like he was thinkin' o' sumpn funny. The old Mormon!

"But the one I makes the biggest hit with is Alexanderoff, the Emprer of all the Rooshias.

"I'm up to Siberia visitin' him, the third time we covers the Crowned Head circuit, an' that's where Goliath an' the Tattoo shows up. I'll tell you.

"The Emprer has me bunked in the royle pallus, eatin' off gold glates with the royle fam'ly, an' bein' waited on by six-foot Caw-sack soldiers, all rigged out in gold embroidery an' knee britches. They's a good deal o' ceremony about the way them monarchs has to live, but when it's all over fer the day, Aleck hangs up his crown on a diamond

headed gold nail, an' me an' him goes out to the back garden fer a friendly smoke, jest like any two old pals. He never put on no dog with me, an' neether did I with him—Say!

"He had the goldarndest best see-gyars I ever stuck into my face. They come from Cuba, an' they cost a dollar apiece, an' each one is put up in a glass tube with a gold band around the middle, an' plugged airtight at both ends to keep 'em green. One o' them see-gyars would last a hog fer a hull day, easy. Two you couldn't. They was ten inches long. They'd make the best see-gyar you can git over here smell like a burnin' goat-house—like mosta them do, anyhow.

"Well, I'm settin' out in the back yard one afternoon under a Cedar o' Lebanon tree, after dinner, talkin' with Aleck, when enter one o' them embroidered Caw-sacks with a card in 'is fist, an' he hands it to the Emprer with a bow.

"'He waits without, me lord,' says he.

"Aleck takes the card, puts on his specs an' looks like it puzzled him.

"'Say, Bill,' says he, 'this jasper seems to be sumpn in your line, near's I can make out. Know anything about 'im?' he says.

"I looks at it, an'—whaddya think! It says, 'Charley Coon, manager o' the Arabian Goliath, now exhibitin' before the Crowned Heads o' Europe. B. P. O. Elks No. 2323.'

"I give you my word, son, I didn't know which way to jump. I'm solid enough so I don't have to knock no other professional to hold my cinch, but as a friend I can't honestly boost old Bill Good an' his Goliath game to Aleck. An' while I'm tryin' to frame somethin' that'll go across straight, enter another o' them Caw-sacks, with another card.

"'O, blazes!' says Aleck, when he looks at this new one. 'Do they think jest because I'm Emprer I ain't got nawthin' to do but gawp at freaks?' An' he hands me that card too.

"I'm a boiled dog if it wasn't Jake Sharp's card, managin' Con-stan-to-no-police, the world-famed Tattood Man, now exhibitin' before the Crowned Heads,' an' et setry.

"It jolts me—an' that ain't so easy. I ain't heard o' these two freaks for nigh on two years, since they was fired from the show. But a man in my business has to ack quick, an' so I says, offhand,

"'O, let 'em come out, anyhow. You can call fer the hook if they make a falldown.'

"'All right, Bill,' says Aleck. 'Whatever you say goes.' Then he asks the two Caw-sacks,

"'Did they break in together?'

"'No, me lord,' they says, 'they don't know each other's here. They come in diffrunt doors.'

"Aleck kinda frets a little. 'I'll have to put a yew-case on my army,' he says. 'Them sentuaries in fronta the pallus is gettin' too easy,' he says. 'They're puttin' me in to be fall guy for every frame-up in the land. All right,' says he to the Caw-sacks. 'Show 'em out here.'

"In about five minutes, in rolls Charley, with Goliath, an' when they see me, their eyes sticks out like two pair o' Spanish onions. But old Goliath, he comes splutterin' to the surface an' says, says he,

"'Hello, Bill! Introduce me to your friend,' knowin' it must be the Emprer on account o' the Caw-sack soldiers that was lined up against the garden fence, presentin' knouts with fixed baynets.

"Before I can do anything, enter Jake an' the Tattoo. Jake is kinda stunned, but the Tattoo he only sheds his bath-robe an' stands there in his calico hide an' britch clout, lookin' dead sore at Goliath.

"'Well,' says Aleck, 'What's the stunt? Throw it.'

"An' Goliath begins to dope it out about his great grandfather an' them Philippines an' the jaw bone work an' his talkin' goat an' the Sultan of Arabia. But old Con just turns round an' round like he's set on a pivot same as a milliner's dummy in a show window, flashin' his panorama-skin an' lookin' sour enough to poison the sunlight. This goes on fer a little while, an' the

"SO LONG, EMPRER!" HE SAYS, "SEE YOU LATER"

Emprer is lookin' fer what it's workin' up to, until he finds out it ain't workin' up to nawthin', an' then he says,

" 'Thanks awfly,' says he, 'but I guess that'll be all fer you. Take 'em back into the pallus,' he says to the Caw-sacks, 'an' let 'em wait in the aunty room,' he says.

"The Tattoo jest picks up his bath-robe an' puts it on, an' him an' Jake makes exit with their Caw-sack. But Goliath, he smiles very genteel, an' says, says he,

" 'So long, Emprer,' he says. 'See you later. See you outside after the performance, Bill,' he says to me, in that fat, soo-perior way he's got. An' they makes exit, too.

" 'Well, whaddye know about that!' says Aleck, when they're gone. 'As sure as I 'm the Emprer of all the Rooshias. I gotta good mind to have 'em pounded half to death with the butt end of a knout. Of all the nurve,' says he, 'I ever seen—'

" 'Aw, back up, Emp,' says I. 'That ain't the answer. Youghta be sorry fer 'em,' I says, 'insteada gettin' red-headed about it,' says I. 'Jest hand 'em a lemon apiece,' I says, 'an' wise 'em up that they're dead. That's all that's coming to them,' says I. I didn't wanta see them git into no trouble so far away from home, even if they *was* bum.

" 'I guess you're right, Bill,' says Aleck. 'But this job of bein' Emprer ain't all to the lillies by no means, an' yet I gotta play up to it,' he says.

"He takes a little gold whistle out of his vest pocket an' blows it, an a new gold-embroidered Caw-sack comes out.

" 'Send Petervich to me,' he says, an' when Petervich comes on, he says to him,

" 'Pete, they's a coupla freaks waitin' in the aunty room. One's a Giant an' the other's a Tattoo, an' they're both dip. Give the Tattoo a

ten-spot an' the big feller a five. An' say —let the Tattoo outa the main entrance, but put the big mutt outa the side door, where the slippery-day stairs is.'

"An' Pete done it. Th' was a clatter like a stake-wagon bein' wrecked, an' we hears old Goliath roar when he hits the slide—Say! You coulda heard 'im ten mile. An' when Aleck hears that roar, he jest throws back 'is head an' points 'is nose at the sky, an' yowls, and laffs an' laffs until he rolls offn 'is seat onto the ground, an' *then* he rolls over, an' over an' over again, an' chokes, so't I got scairt an' had to help 'im up an' slap 'im on the back. Soon's he can git his breath, he says to me, wipin' 'is eyes on a cloth-o-gold handkerchief,

"'O, gee, Bill,' he says, gaspin', 'Jever hear sech a holler! Stung in my own pallus, was I?' says he. 'I guess nit,—not this time,' he says.

"Then he quiets down fer a minit, but all of a sudden it gits 'is funny bone again.

"'O,' says he. 'The Prince of Arabia an' the jaw bone of a ass an' the slippery day stairs! He didn't know I was loaded fer 'im with them stairs,' says he. An' then he laffs again till the tears come. 'O, Bill,' says he, 'I ain't had so much fun sence that last time I threw a bomb at a arnichist—Straighten up there, you Reubs!' he says quick, to them Cawsack soldiers along the fence, that was snickerin' too. 'Straighten up an' present knouts, you candle-eaters! Blow yer noses, you sponge-faced vodkas! Right dress!'

"An' they's so scairt one o' them accident'ly discharges his knout in the air an' Aleck steps over an' swipes the head offn 'im with his gold sword.

"'I'll learn you who's Emprer round here,' says he, vurry dignified. 'Come on in to supper, Bill,' says he. 'I've laffed till I'm hungry enough to eat a packa wolves."

"Then as we're goin' in, he breaks out again.

"'That jaw-bone performer!' says he, 'O, gawd! what a howl he put up! An' the woman that got 'is goat! I'll give you a thousan' dollar rooble note fer this day's fun, Bill,' says he.

"An' when I was sayin' goodbye to 'im next day, he slips it to me. 'Have a good time on it, Bill,' he says. It was the biggest piece o' money yever heard of, son. It was as big as a—as a—newspaper. I got it framed to home, now—autographed.

"OH GEE, BILL!" HE SAYS, GASPIN', "JEVER HEAR SUCH A HOLLER?"

"What's that, son? The Seenyereeta Yew-lala? Aw, she wasn't nawthin' but a performer. I don't know what about her. Performers ain't no good, only them that you can work up into printin.' The rest ain't good fer nawthin' only to let press agents go tellin' lies all over the yearth an' drawin' salaries. The' ain't nawthin' to the show business but the exec'tive staff an' the printin'. An' the man that handles the printin' is the biggest man in the show—or useta be. These press agents," (with heat), "these press agents git *my* goat."

# TRAILING SIMON DAWSON

BY REX CROASDELL

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

WESTERN CANADA has forgotten her Moses. He was a big-boned, big-hearted, gentle-mannered Scotchman by the name of Dawson—Simon J. Dawson. He spent ten years in the wilderness which separates Superior and the prairies, looking for a highway fit to fetch and carry the trade of the then new-born West.

That was fifty years ago. Western Canada was still in swaddling clothes; and Eastern Canada, because of little faith and less knowledge, thought an old fur trail, with the kinks straightened out, a good enough duct through which to feed the commercial hunger of the homely, flat-faced youngster by her side. Even Dawson, staunch prophet of ultimate western prosperity though he was, halted at asking for $165,000 to make the canoe route which he finally selected, a commerce-carrying possibility.

Dawson got the $165,000, and more besides. He built roads between his lakes and rest houses at convenient stopping places; launched steamers on the larger lakes and brought big bateaus from the Isle of Orleans to traverse the shorter water stretches. Eastern and Western Canada were at last connected. Dawson had finished his work.

There is little reason to review the whole of the Dawson Route now. It started at Port Arthur, then Prince Arthur Landing, and ended somewhere near old Fort Garry. There were 135 miles of wagon road and 305 miles of waterway. In all, nearly three millions were spent on it and four thousand three hundred and thirty-seven home-hungry pioneers travelled over it during the five years that it was maintained. It was a high-priced experiment in transportation.

To-day, the route and the man that built it are forgotten. Eastern Canada is too much concerned with the prosperous activity that Dawson prophesied for her to indulge in reminiscences of her infancy. But the old trail will always remain—a wilderness highway, opulent in all that brings content to the lover of active sport and open air. It is the finest canoe route on the continent.

Johnny Fiunn, a white-haired, grey-bearded old Indian, introduced me to the route last spring. There were four in the party: Johnny; Joe Charley, a brawny 'breed who belonged somewhere in Johnny's family; a newspaper man; and the writer. Johnny picked on Windigo, where the Canadian Northern enters the Quetico Game Reserve, as the best place to put in at. And Johnny was wise in his choice.

The Canadian Northern practically

JOHNNY POINTED OUT THE ANTLERED HEAD OF A BULL MOOSE

We camped the first night alongside the railway, on the shores of Lake Windigoostigan. Two of the party did not sleep over well. Softened by the upholstered side of things a city man takes an hour or two to adjust himself to primitive expedients for comfort which to the real bushman may be drowsy luxury. A portage or two, a few miles of paddling, and the tonic, cedar-scented air make a wonderful difference.

parallels the Dawson Route for the first 110 miles from Port Arthur, and the first hundred miles of the Dawson Route is to be avoided when there is an alternative way out. Windigo is a little over a hundred miles from the route's beginning.

We were seven days on the old Dawson Route. We crossed half a score of lonely, sequestered lakes; followed the twisty courses of as many rivers, some turbulent and troublesome, others purling and peaceful; found new strength in the toil of paddle and portage; and laid up a happy store of pulse-quickening reminiscences.

The sites of the old road-houses are ideal camping places. There is always a spring somewhere near and the bush has not had time to cover the ample grassy clearances that Dawson made. Each site overlooks a lake that seems to be better than the last. The portages were, in Dawson's day, well-cut wagon roads. A wagon could not cross them now but they are easy to follow and the going is good. The French portage, which begins where Dawson built a dam across the stream through which the waters of Windigoostigan empty, is two miles of pleasant walking. We crossed it on our first day out, and the relief of walking after kneeling on an unfriendly canoe-bottom was very welcome.

I MET JOHNNY'S FOURTH WIFE AT PORT WILLIAM

Just above the dam the bleached ribs of an old bateau—once used to transport the pioneer settlers of the West—is caught by a tangle of driftwood. In

THE FRENCH PORTAGE IS TWO MILES OF PLEASANT WALKING—WILL YOU SWAP LOADS?

every few miles there is some such relic of the old days to add a romantic and historical interest to the many delights of the trip. There surely cannot be another route with such a variety of interests.

We would have lingered around Pickerel Lake, but Johnny told great

HOOKED; THE OUANANICHE IS A FINNED BUNDLE OF FIGHT

tales of wonderful fish that homed in the small lake beyond the next portage. We reached there in time to see the redoubled glory of a wonderful sunset. The lake laughed back the red-faced mirth of the sky; the foolish, gobbly cry of a lonesome loon cracked the quiet; the sweet wild note of a white-throat tempered the harmony again; and the sun, "like a ruby from the horizon's ring, dropped down into the night."

That evening we proved the truth of Johnny's fish stories. There are ouananiche in Dore Lake. We ate fresh caught ouananiche for supper. The ouananiche is a species of land-locked salmon. Hooked, he is a finned bundle of fight. Cooked he is the most toothsome, titillating delicacy that ever graced the table of the most exacting epicure. The spruce hunger may have had something to do with the zest with which we ate the meal, but even now, the thought of crisp, fried bacon, a ouananiche steak and a pannikin of hot tea arouses gustatory desires that the best chef in town cannot satisfy. I am going to Dore Lake again some day.

From Dore Lake we reached the upper reaches of Sturgeon Lake through a peaceful little stream which meanders quietly through a meadow-flanked valley of its own making. Incidentally it is the finest game section of the entire territorry. We saw seven moose within an hour, and just as we were reluctantly leaving the river for the lake three caribou galloped across the meadow on the south bank of the river and drifted noiselessly into the bush. I did not see them. Old Johnny has a bird's keen vision, but his whispered intimation of their presence was none too clear. Consequently I only caught a tantalizing glimpse of the greyed buttocks of the last as he melted into the velvet shadows of the woods. Besides the three caribou our party saw nineteen moose that day.

We camped for the noon spell on a wide stretch of sandy beach on the shores of Sturgeon Lake. The beach was cross-hatched with moose-tracks, and even while we were resting, Johnny pointed out the antlered head of a bull moose on the water swimming towards the point.

If you want to know how quick an ungainly topheavy brute like a bull

CRISP FRIED BACON, A PANNIKIN OF HOT TEA, AND AN OUANANICHE STEAK—GREAT HEBE!

moose can swim, pack four eager paddlers in a half-loaded canoe, give the moose a few yards start, then go back and put your money on the moose. We tried to head that moose off. He sensed our intentions immediately. For four breathless minutes we churned the waters of the lake—but so did the moose. He left a wash like an old stern-wheeler. Nearing his objective point the moose seemed undecided about a safe landing. We were quickly nearing him. He refused an open stretch of sandy beach for the better cover of an alder-screened swampy bay. As he swam his head moved nervously from side to side and his speed slackened. We thought he was tiring. We were. Joe swerved the canoe's nose between the moose and the shore just one second too late. With an incredible increase of speed the moose plowed through the shallows, floundered through the mud, gave one watery snort and disappeared. We were three yards from him at the finish. It was a glorious chase. We were once successful in heading a cow moose back into the lake. It had swam from the opposite shore, a mile away, and there was little credit in our performance.

The following morning we made an adventuresome trip down the Maligne River and early in the afternoon we reached the head of the Namakan River, which receives the waters of Lac la Croix. Some old voyagers had warned us that the Namakan was an evil-tempered piece of water but navigable under the guidance of one or two of the local Indians whose village is littered over both banks at the river's head. Johnny didn't know the river, and didn't want to. But Johnny had relations in the village, and we had little trouble persuading him to go and barter for the services of two of them to act as guides on the unusual trip. Johnny seemed to have relations wherever more than three Indians were foregathered. I met his fourth wife at Fort William, his second wife's brother on the Namakan, his own brother on Rainy Lake and a nephew of his at Fort Frances. Johnny comes of a prolific stock. It took Johnny four hours to close the deal for us at the Namakan village, but, as Joe explained, Johnny met two sisters of his there and had to retail his share of the family news for a decade or two. A brother-in-law of Johnny's and a relation of Joe's wife were finally per-

suaded to accompany us down the Namakan the following morning. The river is away from the Dawson Route which follows a safer course, about fifteen miles longer, from Lac la Croix, through Nequagon, Loon, Vermillion and Sand Point Lakes to Namakan Lake

men still pressed them. The race was even up to the approach to Dead Men's Chute, but in their eager haste the men of the older Company missed the landing at the portage, and the pursuers never saw their quarry alive.

Before noon, we had been content to navigate the milder-tempered rapids,

THE NAMAKAN — A TWENTY-FIVE MILE STRETCH OF WATERY MALIGNANCE.

I will never forget that twenty-five mile stretch of watery malignance. At one point, emulating the daring example of Red Cloud and Joe Whitefish, we rode white water through the hungry, rock-fanged maw of a wicked-spirited rapid. But only once. During the noon-spell Joe interpreted Red Cloud's version of an ugly tale which concerned the history of Dead Men's Chute, a wide-mouthed cauldron of fearful fury, which even then made the air around us vibrant with its roarings. It was of the days before the Northwest Company and the Hudson Bay factors had made their peace. Six men of the Hudson Bay Company, in a canoe laden with a rich freight of peltries, crossed the trail of some of the Northwest Company's men in Lac la Croix. It was feud time and the Northwest Company's men gave chase. Experts in paddle-craft, the men of the Hudson Bay Company thought to evade their pursuers by taking the emergency route down the Namakan, but the Northwest

but the gruesome tale had a restraining influence, and for the rest of the trip we were spectators only when Red Cloud and Joe essayed the more turbulent stretches.

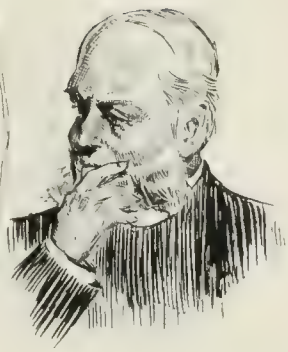
The morning after our lively trip down the Namakan, we reached the Dawson Route again, crossed Namakan Lake, and about noon we landed safely at the Soldier's Portage, the last carry between us and Fort Frances.

The Dawson Route continues from Rainy Lake, beyond Fort Frances through the Rainy River to the northwest angle of the Lake of the Woods, and from that point on Red River carts used to jolt their creaky way on over a ninety-mile road to old Fort Garry. Our journey ended at Fort Frances.

We had lifted the age-rusted latch of the first gateway, and had followed the dim blaze of the pioneer. We had seen that Dawson's work was good; but another had first fashioned that wilderness way and we found his craftsmanship the best.

# The BET and the BISHOP

By Roy Rutherford Bailey
Illustrated by
Percy Edward Anderson



THE Pacific Express had left Winnipeg far to the eastward, and the sedate little group of clergymen on the observation platform was beginning to limber up.

The swift, steady stride with which the train was flinging them across Canada's broad green bosom, farther and farther from the conventionalities of their parishes in the States, was probably responsible for the change. Perhaps the psychology of it was lost upon them; but their ministerial brows, furrowed with the care of their flocks, began to smooth themselves out, and their laughter grew almost boyish as they squared their soberly clad shoulders to the breeze and wondered what had happened to the Bishop.

"I thought he was to have taken our train at Winnipeg," remarked the delegate from Rhode Island.

"He was. I was on the lookout for him, though, till we were clear out of the city limits," said the young man from Maine. "And then I walked through the train twice, from observation to baggage car and back. He must have missed connections."

One of the older clergymen rose from his camp stool and steadied himself with difficulty on the swaying platform.

"Not to reflect in any way on the thoroughness of your search, but merely as a corroboration of it," he observed courteously, "I think I will look through the train once more myself. I don't know what the convention would think if he should not be in Vancouver for the opening session—the Bishop is always so punctual."

He had not gone half the length of the train when he saw the Bishop's commanding figure approaching. He greeted his superior with undisguised relief and escorted him triumphantly to the observation car.

"No, I didn't board the train at Winnipeg as I had planned," explained the Bishop in answer to the queries of his brethren. "I put in the better part of the morning motoring about Winnipeg, but after that we—I took a spin across country and caught the train at Portage la Prairie. And I'm really sorry the rest of you couldn't have been along. On a day like this, the view is superb."

"It is from here," exclaimed one of the party with an appreciative wave of his hand over the undulating prairies. "Flat, but beautiful."

"Superb inside, too—and decidedly *not* flat!" effervesced the young clergyman from Maine. "Seems to me I've seen more pretty girls on this train to-day than in all the land of the Philistines!"

"How about that, Bishop?" queried another youngster, whose awe of his superior was melting to the magic of

"WELL-L!" HE BURST OUT, "THIS AFFAIR IS ALL GREEK TO ME, BUT IF IT'S AS EASY AS THAT, HERE GOES!"

the morning. "If the Bishop confirms that statement," he added to the rest of the delegates, "I'm going to excuse myself while I rest my tired eyes in a trip of personal inspection."

"Now don't lay any such responsibility as that on the Bishop," retorted the irrepressible minister from Maine. "He's too old and dignified to notice such things—aren't you, Bishop?"

The Bishop smiled his indulgence with the unusually high spirits of his lieutenants. "This Canadian ozone *is* rather heady," he admitted, easily. "And . . I'm always open to conviction."

"Oh, come, come now!" came the chorus from his chaffing followers, "no sidestepping!"

"He looks guilty," chuckled one, noting the Bishop's rising color, "let's put him to the test. "I'll warrant that's where he's been all the morning —sizing up the pretty passengers!"

One jest followed another at their beloved leader's expense as the express bowled recklessly along over the sparkling prairie. Some subtle, unsuspected witchcraft of the morning had stolen away their wonted dignity of demeanor and tossed it to the western winds. The weight of years slipped from their tired shoulders and left them boys again, and before the Bishop realized what he had been saying he found himself involved in the first wager of his life.

"To kiss the prettiest woman on the train!"

The elderly clergyman who had sought out his Bishop a few minutes before, now trailed gravely through the train after the merry little group of delegates. He was too surprised to credit his senses. His Bishop, the spiritual overseer of the proudest city in the east, so far forget himself as to actually become entangled in a wager . . . . and over a woman! The idea seemed preposterous. The joke had gone far enough.

As a matter of fact, the Bishop, as he led the group through the unsuspecting train in search of the prettiest woman, was beginning to think so himself. What had appealed to him as merely a good joke seemed absurdly boyish to him now, as he reflected on his position and his responsibilities. He flushed a little as he caught the old clergyman's accusing eye.

Dignified retreat, however, was impossible. He was on his way to "throw his arms about the neck of the prettiest woman on the train and kiss her on sight!"

"And you told yourself you were taking the wager for the sake of the donation they pledged your pet charity!" his restless conscience reminded him. "Was it that, after all? Or was it just natural love of a good joke on the rest, as you say, or was it- - . . because you hate to be reminded you are growing old?"

And what of her—"the prettiest woman on the train?" Would the innocent boyishness, the perfectly natural overflow of high spirits too long crowded under by the cares of clerical life . . . . would these considerations appeal to her?

As the Bishop strode on through the train, he became very sober at heart, though his face did not betray the change. What would the Continental Convention think, if some irrepressible colleague should find the story too good to keep?

His heart sank. He should have considered all this before! He began to look thoughtful, but his companions did not. They laughed a good deal, quietly enough, as they followed the Bishop through car after car, expecting at any moment to see him turn back and offer to compromise. The old clergyman watched them, gravely puzzled by the Bishop's behavior.

For the Bishop did not turn back, nor did he waste many glances on the undeniably pretty women with which the train was generously sprinkled. In the last car before the diner, his astounded followers saw him fix his apparently serene gaze on a demure little woman all peach blossom complexion and truant ringlets and the most distracting dimples, who raised a surprised smile as the Bishop bent over her and gamely threw his arms around her pretty neck.

A sounding kiss broke the stillness of the car --a kiss real enough and unmistakable enough to answer the most exacting demands of the wager

"IT'S ALL MY FAULT, DEAR"

The obvious relish with which the Bishop levied the osculatory tribute despite the embarrassing circumstances, was too much for the impetuous young man from Maine.

"Well-l-l!" he burst out. "Sauce for the Bishop ought to be sauce for the rest of the flock. This affair is all Greek to me, but if it's as easy as all that, here goes!" and he instantly carried his threat into effect. The horrified little woman turned an appealing look on the Bishop, and stretched out a hand for protection, but there was no stopping the irrepressible young man from Maine until the thing was done. The Bishop's restraining hand dropped from his colleague's shoulder, and the lady rose indignantly.

"Charles! What on earth does all this mean—has the delegation gone crazy? Who *are* these men, and why . . . why do they—*act* so?"

The Bishop regretted anew his failure to tell the delegates of his recent marriage. His solid figure, sturdily interposed between his indignant wife and the rash sheep of his flock, shook with mortification and chagrin. He caught a flicker of amused relief in the shrewd eye of the older clergyman, and his deep voice was very humble.

"It's all my fault, my dear," he explained, contritely, "and these gentlemen are in no wise to blame.

"They are a commission unconsciously appointed to teach me, their shepherd, the peril of forgetting even for a moment my duty to my flock, and . . . . they have done their work well!"

# THE LETTERS OF BETTY BLUE

BY JEAN BLEWETT

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

DEAR JOAN:—About the visit to the Galician folk I want to tell you while everything is fresh in my mind. For the first time since starting on these travels Propriety openly mutinies. She does not wish to leave Edmonton, even for a day, to fare forth in search of pastures new, not she. "I've had enough of your foreign folk" (my foreign folk indeed) "for one summer," says she with a distinct sniff. "Those Galicians wear sheepskin the year round. Think of it! I dare say it was a true story Corporal Strong was telling on the way from Calgary about the Irishman who, thinking that Galicians and Galatians were one, exclaimed: 'Faith, it's no wondher Paul sint an epistle instead of going among thim.'"

But we stand firm. "Sail on," we say as stubbornly as Columbus said it on his memorable voyage of discovery. In the end Propriety gives way, but not with a good grace. The truth is, the "fair and far away city" is an alluring spot. It has a charm all its own. After long and weary miles of flat, flatter, flattest of landscape, we come, all at once, on a valley grand enough to rank as one of nature's masterpieces. Through the valley runs a river which has literally golden sands, and up, up, above river and valley, up into the clear spaces, one of the great hills of the new world lifts its greenness, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. From this hill, Edmonton waves a welcome to all. It is love at first sight on our part. There be those who lament her crudeness, her commercial atmosphere, her egotism, these and other drawbacks, but the blessed blindness which goes with a case of genuine love keeps us from discovering them. We only know that she is good to look on, and that there is welcome in the face she turns to us. With all her bigness, she is young, and sociable and "neighborly" in a rare old-fashioned way. Joan, dear, I could write reams on the subject, but I won't. Not having seen her—half quaint, unfinished; half grand and polished, with buildings of which the oldest cities might be proud, and with shacks, and huts, and tents

marking new streets everywhere, through the woods, and trailing boldly out on the prairie—you couldn't catch the spirit of her. Of course not. Beside it is Galicians I am due to tell you about. In fact I only mention these things by way of explaining Propriety's unwillingness to "sail on".

It is to be a family party, our host and hostess coming with us. He knows every trail and every person we meet on it. She is just the kind of woman you like to be with, sentimental, opinionated, and inconsistent enough to make you feel at ease. Preserve us from perfection. The twins make such a fuss at being left that they are counted in. This makes it advisable to add Rosie, the little Galician maid, to our number. She has a way of managing the twins.

Then there is Nummy-num, two and tow-headed, who is always being passed around like other sweets. She is one of the pink and white atoms of humanity that you no sooner see than you begin smoothing out your lap, and opening your arms invitingly. She is called by this queer name because, to quote her fond mother "she has a backward tongue" and "Nummy-num" is all the word she knows as yet. All she needs to know, since with it she rules her kingdom. She says to one "nummy-num" and he cometh, and to another "nummy-num" and he goeth. Her father remarks she "bosses the ranch," and we would have thought as much without being told—but she is the sweetest thing you ever saw.

We pretend we're old-timers as we ride along in a covered wagon. True, the wagon has comfortable spring seats cushioned with dark green leather, and the cover is of the same green leather, but it is the best we can do in the way of a prairie schooner. They are getting so up to date in this last west that to procure anything like a real pioneer flavor you have to work your imagination overtime.

The Alberta valleys have hung out their autumn banners of blue—all shades of blue—blue with a touch of grey, blue with a touch of rose, and azure clear and warm as the sky above us; and, seeming to tangle itself among the haze, runs the black thread of the trail we follow. Wouldn't you love to be with us, Joan?

Of course there are drawbacks, nothing is perfect. The mosquitoes are holding a late and strenuous session for one thing; for another, one can't help wishing that sorrel Sam would forget his coltish ways and get down to the staidness becoming a six-year-old leader. With the sun on his shiny coat, he is not content to go straight ahead. You should see the villain showing off, side-stepping like a darky doing the cake walk to rag-time. Still with the world spreading out its newness, and the trail beckoning, one forgets to worry. "It's all right," says the driver holding the lines carelessly in one hand; "run away nothing! It's all right," and you take his word for it. To the westerner everything is all right, bound to be all right. This optimism born of his faith in himself and his country is a part—a large part —of his religion. He passes it on to you with such assurance that you accept it without question. "It's all right". I am quite in love with my own tranquillity. When I go back to the common walks of life I'll likely be as small and fussy as of old, but up here I'm brave and buoyant as a matter of course. It is no credit to me. The wind bloweth where it listeth—incidentally your physical being gets a healthy appetite and your nature—that inside wonderful part of you with which you do your loving and hating, your soaring and grovelling—does the same thing. I couldn't help noticing the effect on Propriety of late. A thunder-storm came up while we were out picnicking on the Groat estate. Instead of the shivering, nervous Propriety we expected, she curled herself up under a bush to keep out of the rain as much as possible, remarking as a vivid flash made us all blink, "I remember my dear daddy telling me when I was a youngster it was foolish of me to be scared of lightning as there were so many tall trees to strike it would hardly bother with anything as little as I. Nice idea, don't you think?" Yes, Joan, with the thunder cracking overhead—not so far overhead, either—

she said that. It's Christian Science, New Thought, or some such thing. "It's all right—bound to be all right," is the text, and the teaching.

But all this is a long way from the Galician garden party you say -true, it's on the way to it. The Galician settlement lies many miles ahead, how many we do not know, or care. You know that arrogant assertion. "Time is for slaves." Well, so are mile posts and beaten highways. Somewhere in the blue haze lining the Saskatchewan valley the settlement of modest homes is hiding; sometime, somehow, we will reach it —which is as it should be and very delightful. This indefiniteness is peculiar to the prairie, which is in itself a world too big for measuring off, too wild for running by schedule time.

We have our dinner beside the stream which goes skipping from one rock to another like a thing mad with its own music. The twins and the Galician maid go skipping too, as soon as they have satisfied their appetites. In the quiet place their laughter rings out pleasantly.

An Indian and his squaw draw near to share our happiness, and provisions. He is a disreputable looking specimen, blear eyed and dirty, but he fares well. This is owing to Nummy-num's partiality for the opposite sex. Of the sonsy squaw in the red print dress she will have none, but showers attentions and eatables on the brave, who takes them as a matter of course.

"How far is the Galician settlement?" we enquire by way of opening up a conversation with him.

"The beeg bridge up creek you know where it is?" he returns after due reflection. I don't know where it is, but with this simple child of nature looking trustfully at me, I haven't the heart to say so honestly. I nod.

"The settlement more far than it," he says and devotes himself to sucking an orange thrust upon him by Nummy-num.

"What's that about the bridge?" breaks in our hostess who has not been listening. "How far is it to the bridge?"

"SHEEPSKIN MAN? IT IS WHAT OUR MAN WAS BUT HE WILL LEARN MUCH THINGS"

"You know the meesion church, eh?" She is stronger than I. "No, I do not," she says.

"So, it is not so far as that," going back to his orange with the air of a man who has done his duty and told all

THE SECOND GENERATION ADOPTS CANADIAN WAYS VERY QUICKLY.

a reasonable person could possibly desire to learn in one day.

We visit a famous church on our way. I am told that there is not in the whole of Canada an edifice which has occasioned anything like the stir it has. Such a little wizened church it is, standing here in the big spaces! and yet, two religious bodies have warred over it in the courts and out of the courts for seven long years. Not a good lesson in Christian charity for the Galician homesteader, is it?

Nearly all Ruthenians who came over from Galicia are either of the Greek Catholic belief, or belong to what is known as the Greek Orthodox Church. At first they all worshipped together, but after awhile came disputes—then the deluge. Both bodies claimed the church and the old, old war between Catholic and Protestant was on, here in the newest part of the new world. It began at the sun-blistered door of this little edifice, was carried to the homes, to the courts—and kept there.

The Head of the Greek Catholic church is the Pope of Rome; the Greek Orthodox, which is practically the same in teaching as the Anglican church, has for head the Synod in Russia. So you see, Joan, there was more at stake than this building with its narrow windows and wooden cross, there was the question of supremacy, which means much in any country, but more in one which

AND AS FOR THE THIRD, IT IS GENERALLY NAMED JIMMY.

has nothing to do but gather people to it. Where do you think they took it at last for settlement? To the Privy Council in England, which august body decided in favor of the Orthodox church.

Harvest has begun, and as a consequence we find our hostess in the field. She comes hurrying forward with warm if broken expressions of welcome and

HARVEST HAS BEGUN, AND WE FIND OUR HOSTESS IN THE FIELD.

leads the way to the house. A wild hop vine shades the window, an agitated, one might say angry, hen clucks protestingly from her nest on the thatched roof.

The settlement people have some way of letting one another know what is going on. It must be so, for before we have been here half an hour the women begin to gather—not only begin but keep at it until, the house being crowded, we adjourn to the garden out behind. There we start to get acquainted. The Galicians are a merry lot. No long faces, no brooding glances. You fancy they can laugh easily, cry easily. They are easily wrought upon. Environment means much to them.

There seems to be a prejudice against these people. "The Galician is lazy and dirty," says one; "the Galician is shiftless, has no ambition," says another; "the Galician is a drunkard; a fellow of poor morals," says yet another. Now, this may mean that Galicians as a whole are undesirable, but I doubt it. A sensible conclusion to arrive at is that certain people have come in contact with the "wrong kind" of Galicians. All tribes and peoples have their "wrong kind", you know that, Joan. Even the Scotch folk of whom you are so proud do not—enough said. There is a whole lot of the Pharisee about us still, Joan, not a doubt of it.

This settlement is made up of some twenty farms. Of these two-thirds are fairly well worked, the rest show neglect. There is a hotel two or three miles below, and the woman who is mother of our Rosie, and so overjoyed at seeing the child that she kisses her every few minutes, speaks as follows in the wise way of one who learns by seeing:

"It is bad that our people get the liquor, yes, It is the liquor makes debt. I have son. He go to buy flour, but he buy whiskey at Moses Trume's place, no flour. Also he will not to

work his land. When he no money has for drink he is let to drink till he has much debt. It get more and more, and by and by it is not my son's land, but Moses Trume's, see? I pray my son, but he cares not. He is good son if he drink not, but everywhere is the drink. It is true old Moses Trume has many homesteads, and is much rich, but the poor mothers whose sons let go the land it is bad for them, very bad."

Is it not an old story? These are foreigners in a fair new land but the story is old—old. It is indeed bad for the mothers whose sons let go the land!

The younger women gather about with their sewing, little brown babies hide in the folds of their skirts, peeping out with bright dark eyes. Over by the sunflowers, a group of children are playing school—not Galician but Canadian school, much as you and I played it in the old days. Minna in thrilling tones has read the pathetic tale entitled. "Who Killed Cock-Robin?" skipping the big words with the ease of long practice, and now has her whole class up for spelling. It is a proof of their adaptability and readiness, that these children who have attended school for only a couple of years speak good English.

The comely young woman lays aside the Galician dress with its gay shawl and all, and puts on a neat shirt-waist suit, and gay millinery, but she still has a halting tongue. She has never gotten to school here, you see. These mischievous mites wrangling over the big words in Cock Robin have the advantage: they speak English readily, fluently.

The women are neat and tidy. Not so strongly built as the Doukhobor women, but quicker of movement and better looking. They are merry; little jokes even the pointless kind Propriety makes—keep them laughing a long while. Their kindness to one another is marked, and is exercised too naturally to be put on. The little homes which look bare to the outsider are the pride of their hearts. They show us the rugs they have woven, the skeins they have spun, the linen they have worked.

"We work in the field not always," volunteers our hostess; "when the man is hurry, or maybe has the pain here" laying her hand on her stomach, "or here" pressing her forehead, "the woman is run to do work. She has many children, and there is the food to make ready, but she helps in the grain, yes, and the garden work, it is hers."

The oldest of the women takes up the thread of the conversation as we drink our tea and eat the curds—whey cheese they call it—and cream they press on us. She discourses on a subject of universal interest—marriage. Her broken sentences, her eloquent gestures, I can't give you, Joan. I wish I could, but this is in substance what she tells us.

"No man can take a wife until he is the full age of twenty-four years, and free from the military conscription in Galicia." The English emigrant says "back home" when he mentions England, the German says "mine fader-land," but to this woman with the brown wrinkled face and calloused hands the new world is dearer than the old—or perhaps one should say nearer. They are a people of the present, these Galicians. "But if he marries not when he should he is no more looked kindly on by his elders. Is it so with you?"

Yes, we answer only it is not the elders who look disapprovingly on the bachelor so much as the girls of marriageable age. "In Canada there is no conscription and men marry early, the women too," she resumes. "The son of my daughter he marry when he is but nineteen. We say too soon, too soon, but he cares not. He settles him on a farm and shows he is man enough to take care of wife and family. There is talk of a law that girls may not marry under seventeen, but we see it not. The girls of sixteen make good wife, and have the healthy big family, yes. How can there be law when Anna is so old at sixteen as Minna is at twenty?"

"Is there much formality about your marriages?" asks Propriety, getting ready to look shocked.

"It is all easy, simple," is the answer, "and takes little time at all. The couple get acquainted enough to love in

one week, in three they are married, maybe. The wedding, yes, it is by church. The parents of the boy and girl they go to the minister and tell him it is to be, and when. The minister three time in church, three time," counting on her big-jointed fingers, "reports it to all people everywhere. It is the Ruthenian way."

And an old, old way it is, this publishing of the banns. There is nothing new under the sun, Joan.

"The bride to be is willing, yes, she is want to marry her man, and is to have all happiness," and now the wrinkled face grows actually tender, "but it is not to be that she goes to the altar without tears, many tears."

"It is up to her to make a cry," volunteers the young matron who before her marriage was a waitress in a Winnipeg hotel.

"The 'bride's cry' so we name it. It is known in Ruthenian songs and poems all the way up from the first of our people" goes on the old woman. "She is done crying, and all of smiling when she stands up to marry. Good to her? So, he is mostly the good, kind. Sometime if he drinks whiskey he forgets to be kind, but it is not for always, and she is to forget it, and have the supper ready and the laugh. Our men like not to be cried with or cross with, no, no, the good word and the laugh. It is so with our men, yes."

And with men the world over—only all women have not your heart wisdom, your love-craft, you dear old thing! That "cried with" or "cross with" is fine—the touch of nature which makes the world of benedicts kin.

"There is much love of family. The child is everything. He is not made to do too much what he does not desire. This is bad. It is not what he desires, but what is right he should do. The strap is for a fool's back, but the father is the most fool," this with a tolerant laugh, "and does not put it there. It is so among us. Some children are not made to go to the school, but let play. It is not well, it is foolishness, and they pay it some day with more foolishness."

Hostess has been so engaged in watching the twins form a Salvation Army for marching and musical purposes that she hasn't heard the half of the Galician woman's talk. She now puts a hand on Propriety's shoulder and says with an air of one imparting agreeable information:

"This lady is a writer. She will have a great story about you, and your people, and your homes."

The wrinkled face hardens, the dark eyes flash. "I like not the great stories," she says with bitterness. "Men and women they write of us what is not true. They would have us bad, all bad. They say the Galician do this and do that, they come not among us to get truth; they keep far off and make the lies on poor Galician. It is shame."

We fall so silent we can hear the gasp of hardihood with which the hope of the house of Rupolitz hurls forth "fe-fe-f-e-t-t-h-e-r, feather," in the face of a scandalized teacher with bare feet and braids.

"Bad there are," the old woman takes up her grievance, "but to make better one does not say, 'Ho, devil's children all, all; the country wants you not.' We come to find good country, and do good. It is Galician country"; this is said proudly and with a sweep of the wrinkled hand. "We make home; our boy and girl make home. It is well if people write not lies of us to put in print, don't you think? Sheep-skin man! yes, it is what our man is, or was; but sheep-skin man he feels blows and bad words, sheep-skin man he work for his family, take care of his family same as other man. Some things he knows not yet, does not yet, but he will. It is long, long days here," lifting her wrinkled face to the sunshine, "and he will learn much things Why not?"

With the sudden change of mood peculiar to the Galician she bursts out laughing.

"Cross old woman, you will put that down on paper, eh?" addressing Propriety. "Not so, I am to give you a whey cheese to carry away so that I go not down cross and old. I am cross, yes, but it is that my people deserve not the evil name your people give them."

Then Propriety does the only sentimental thing I've caught her at during all our journeying, she takes those two wrinkled, calloused hands in hers and holds them fast. "Mrs. Bramaffinitz," aking the name in steps as though mounting a steep stair, "you are right and I am proud to make your acquaintance."

"It is my friendship you make!" cries the susceptible Galician with the tears in her eyes.

# THE THREE

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

THREE there were that met one day
On the long and dusty way
Where the sons of men must fare
From the Here unto the There,
On the path of fall and climb—
These three, Love and Death and Time.

"I," said Time, "am all in all;
If they rise or if they fall
Must depend upon my mood;
Company or solitude,
Plenty or grim poverty
Rests upon their faith with me."

"Nay," said Death, "'tis I that tell
Whether life be ill or well;
You but set the final bound
Of the lost and of the found.
Master I of one and all;
They but wait until I call."

Three there were, but two that spake—
Time and Death each claimed to make
Whatsoever joy or strife
There might be in each one's life.
Each declared he was the end
Toward which all pathways wend.

Then spake Love, and said: "Ah, no!
Ye but mark men as they go.
It is I that bless, and give
All the strength that makes them live.
I shall be alive," he said,
"After Time and Death are dead."

# The RIGHTS of the TRAVELLING PUBLIC

BY SARA H. BIRCHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. ALESHIRE

"SO I GAVE the waiter a couple dollars, and got him to tell me where she lived, and say, she was a peacherino from Peachville, and not one of the kind it takes such an awful long ladder to reach, either. Why, say——"

They were directly across the aisle from my section, those two young gentlemen in clothes of the latest London cut, with silk stockings of pale-green and pale-blue, and they were taking no trouble whatever to moderate their voices.

I coughed and rustled my magazines obviously. They gave me a bored glance, and paid no further attention. Finally, in disgust, I sought shelter from their sultry reminiscences in the observation car, where I found the Traffic Lord, who has under him goodness only knows what cohorts of brass-buttoned genii, and who can work all kinds of miracles at will. Now the Traffic Lord is something of a friend of mine, and instantly I pounced upon him with a wrathful protest, demanding the heads of the young gentlemen in Lower Six of the car "Clotilde" served instantly upon a charger *a la Salome*.

He smiled a quiet little smile, and pointed to one of the beautiful plate-glass mirrors. Just where my face was reflected ran the word, "Lucille," in straggling, inch-high letters, a diamond-cut scar that never would heal. Involuntarily I rubbed my hand across my cheek, as if the ugly marks were really there.

"So there are she-ones, too, are there?" said I. "Little vandal! I haven't a doubt she chews gum and scents her handkerchief with santal."

"Not necessarily," he said, quietly. "You wouldn't guess what apparently civilized people will do things just as philistine and just as annoying to their fellow-passengers. There is a class of traveller who seems to hold that the public has privileges aboard the sleeping-car, rather than rights."

"They do that," said I, remembering the fat woman who had held the dressing-room against all comers for an hour that morning, and spread her possessions over every available hook and shelf and chair and stand, with the remark that "nobody ever ran over her." And after that she had the insolence to ask me to hook her dress, and see that I did it, too.

"But, after all," said I, "it's the men who have the real cream on these trains. We women must put up with things, but the men can do as they like."

"Can they?" he countered, instantly. "Suppose you have slept restlessly all night, and feel cindery and heavy-eyed and unwashed when you rise. Suppose you go to the dressing-room to wash and to get brushed and freshened up

HAIL, HAIL THE GANG'S ALL HERE! EVERY CHAIR FULL AND SOMEBODY PERCHED ON THE WASHBOWL

and feeling like a human being again. You haven't had your breakfast. You are cross. When you draw back the curtain you meet an atmosphere that you could bite chunks out of, and something turns over inside you with a sickening heave. Turkish cigarettes are all very well in their place—but a roomful of heavy cigarette smoke before breakfast isn't much of an appetizer to anybody. However, you climb over the feet of the fellows in the chairs, coax the fellow who is sitting on the lavatory to climb down so you can wash, and proceed to make your toilet. Suppose somebody rises up and brushes himself vigorously just where you can inhale the dust to the best advantage. Suppose you find a sopping-wet towel in the rack where the clean and dry towels should be. Suppose the last man at the basin has left it full of soapy, curded water. Suppose you have a preference for half-way decent conversation before breakfast, and the talk is—well, the less said, the better."

"Ugh! Do they do that?" said I, disgustedly.

"They do—and more. The chances are that you leave the dressing-room feeling worse than when you went in. Yet—what can the railway do? It presupposes its patrons to be gentlemen, and makes its rules under that supposition. Probably the men who occupy the chairs and blow graceful smoke-rings are not unwashed brutes; they are merely thoughtless of the comfort of others. If you intimated that they were annoying you, who so surprised as they? The cigarettes would disappear, and there would be a general exodus. 'Certainly, certainly! Didn't realize I was in your way,—didn't think anything about it, to tell the truth. Don't mention it—glad you spoke.' That's what they'd say. The traveling public is kind-hearted in the main—but undeniably thoughtless, at times."

"Well, how about the men who

smoke here in the observation-car?" I persisted. "It's all very well for men to have the dressing-rooms to smoke in, and specially shut-off smoking-compartments that we petticoats can't even see the inside of, but is it really necessary that they should bring their cigars into the observation-car, too? Couldn't the railway give us one place to ourselves, where we would be free from smoke and such talk as I recently had the pleasure of hearing in the sleeper?"

"That point is well taken," said the Traffic Lord, "by the way, my cigar doesn't annoy you, does it? I'm taking it for granted that you're speaking for Woman, instead of your own preferences."

"Oh, not a bit," I hastily protested. "You know perfectly well I don't mind smoking at all. Just as you say, I was speaking for the average woman—who generally does mind, you know."

"Exactly," he said, tossing his cigar-stub on the right-of-way. "And that matter is being taken under advisement now. It is an interesting fact that most of our conductors are in favor of abolishing smoking in the observation-car and turning it over to the ladies. Now, of course, it is understood that a railway must make rules for the majority. The majority of sleeping-car patrons are well-bred people; therefore the railway must presuppose that its patrons are all gentle, rather than simple. For example, smoking is permitted in the observation-cars of the Canadian Pacific Railway, for the convenience of the man who prefers his after-dinner cigar in the company of his wife or daughter, who is house-broken to tobacco—just as I was enjoying my cigar a moment ago, knowing that you are of a forgiving disposition. This should not mean that the unattached drummer for Smith & Jones, ignoring

OF COURSE NOTHING HAPPENS TO THE DRUMMER FOR SMITH & JONES WHEN HE DOES THIS.

"SAY; SHE WAS A PEACHERINO FROM PEACHVILLE."

the comfortable smoking compartments provided for men, should take up his position next to a lady who cannot endure tobacco, and blow odorous clouds into her face until she leaves the car in self-defense. Of course nothing happens to the drummer for Smith & Jones when he does this. Smoking is permitted in the observation-car, and the railway cannot allow Mr. Brown to smoke undisturbed, and refuse Mr. Robinson the same privilege. Possibly the drummer does not even know that he is annoying anyone; he is deep in plans to land the next town, and unconscious of the reason why his neighbor has arisen from her place and gone away."

"I suppose not," said I, dubiously. "I suppose he didn't really think, any more than Lucille Vandal did when she ruined that beautiful mirror."

The Traffic Lord nodded.

"The Vandal family is a large one," he said, "by far the larger portion of the offending class. For instance, there is not only Lucille Vandal's signature on the mirror, there are the marks of Percy Vandal's hob-nailed boots on the grained mahogany baseboards, and long raw scratches on the rosewood panels where Papa Vandal has lighted his after-dinner cheroot, let it go out two or three times in the course of an interesting conversation, and lighted it again, each time with another scratch. It is too hard work for Papa Vandal to lift up the sole of one boot in order to make those three or four scratches on it—the rosewood panel is so much handier. It is also too difficult to locate the proper receptacle for the half-burned stub; Papa Vandal drops it on the velvet carpet, along with the matches. It's only the railway's mahogany baseboards and rosewood panels and velvet carpet—if he doesn't do it, the next fellow will—what does it matter? He doesn't take into consideration that the railway builds twenty-five-thousand-dollar observation cars for the pleasure and comfort of himself and Percy and Lucille and all the rest of their fellow-journeyers. He doesn't realize that he is casually ruining property which was made for his own benefit, and in which he, for the time being, owns a share. He doesn't think at all, and he blandly continues to burn and scratch and destroy in the vague impression that observation-cars spring from the earth like cabbages, and that there will always be plenty more. The railway can afford to build new cars, of course. That isn't the point. It's not the purse of the company, but the comfort of his

fellow-passengers that Papa Vandal's behavior endangers."

"Precisely," I agreed. "And do you know what I saw a perfectly tame-looking man do yesterday? He laid his lighted cigarette down on the mahogany window-sill—there's the scar of it—and simply allowed it to burn a hole in the wood until a nice little column of smoke arose, and filled the car with the odor of burning varnish. Then he noticed what was happening, and laughed over it—positively laughed."

"Suppose it had been your grand piano?" inquired my Traffic Lord, coolly. "Suppose you had invited a masculine person to your house, and he had done that same thing, and moreover scratched his matches on your dining-room table, and knocked out his pipe on your expensive rugs? Being a lady I do not suppose you would immediately rise up and slay him——" ("I'm not so sure about that," I interjected)——"but I think it would be at least many a long day before he received another invitation. Yet a railway car costs as much as twenty-five grand pianos, and as a matter of economics, if not of decency, it ought not to be wantonly ruined."

"I don't see why you are so patient with them," I said. "If I were the railway company, I'd at least try to make them behave like decent human beings. Can't you do anything?"

"Well, we can't exactly make rules that don't govern everybody, you know—and the Vandal family are only a minority, after all. It's really the public itself that will have to quash them. Whatever the majority of the public wants, the railway will have to do. We've done all we can in providing the best possible surroundings, and giving the traveling public the freedom accorded to ladies and gentlemen."

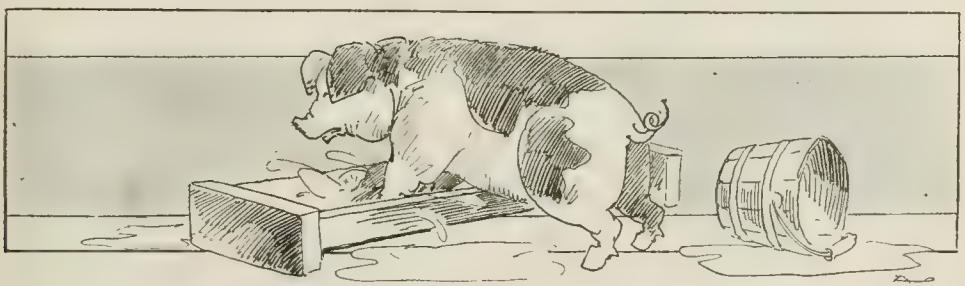
"M-m!" said I, unconvinced. "It's awfully forgiving of you, I think."

He laughed at that, and the talk turned to other topics. But when I came back from the dining-car that evening, as the prairie miles rolled away behind us through the crimson-flaring dusk, I observed that the two young gentlemen in Lower Six were extremely silent and appeared very small.

Presently one of them rose and stood before me, evidently not enjoying himself over-much, and tangling his words like a skein of yarn.

"I—we—that is, this afternoon we didn't notice you were here, and er—er—why, Bill and I ought to apologize—"

Never mind what I said. I was forgiving, like the railway. But I woke up along about two o'clock in the morning when we changed engines at the end of a division, thought of my avenging friend the Traffic Lord—and chuckled.



# The King's Wish

By · C · G · Marquis

Illustrated by F·D·Schwalm

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

AR from it, my little man!" said the musician, his hand on the smooth young brow, "the harp must rest, it has done its work. But how is it that I find you in my home, where no man save myself has been for a thousand years?"

"A thousand years!" echoed José in surprise, as he looked wonderingly into the face of the musician.

"Yes, a thousand years! But come, my lad, tell me your story."

José's face burned with shame as he thought of his cowardly flight; but he was really a brave boy, and he courageously told how he had twice failed in his duty, and how in despair he had fled from his mistress. His voice failed him, and he burst into sobs.

"Ah, my truthful son, weep not! You were not to blame: 'twas I who put you to sleep. Yes, I was with you when you sat by the rock after your midday meal, and I made your thoughts wander on into the valley, down the river to the ocean; I was with you when with determination you faced this rugged mountain and struggled to drive away drowsiness, but I had my purpose, and lulled you to sleep. 'Twas I, too, who put it into the heart of the king to desire some new pleasure; and it was I who made you sleep that you might dream that you had found what delighted his heart."

It was a strange voice that was speaking, and as José saw that this man knew all of his past he clung piteously to his knees.

"But do not be afraid, you shall have your wish. It was for that I brought you here. You will bring the king his new desire, and if you are only as faithful to me and my master, as you desired to be to Mother Fedora (you see I know her name) there will be no greater name in the world than yours—no, not the king's!"

José's heart bounded with delight at the words; he would have spoken, but the musician went on before he could give his thought utterance.

"This harp is the Sun's. It was created by men who adored the great body that rules the day and the Sun-god gave it strange powers. I have been its priest for one thousand years. I have played it day by day in the flowery places of earth, but now the Sun commands that it go forth into the busy world,—the world of active life, of human strifes and joys. You have been chosen to take it to the world, while I remain here to receive it back if you should ever regret your mission."

As he spoke José reached out his hand to touch his treasure.

"No, no! Not yet! There are re-

strictions that go with it, and these you must hear before you can touch it. You see I am alone; there is no one with me, no one near, and I desire no one. Anyone who touches this harp must renounce all human ties and be faithful to the harp alone. Can you do this?"

José was very young, and he had already had a desire to take the harp to Zora and show her the wonder he had found.

"Can you do this?" and there was a little severity in the tone of the speaker.

The wonderful music seemed all to rush back on José in a wild flood, and with the memory of it he cried aloud, "Yes! I will love only the harp and the Sun."

"Well said! Well said! Now remember, no hand but yours must ever touch it. Some may try, but woe betide them if they do, without your permission; and you must never touch its strings unless the Sun is in the heavens. From sunrise till sunset you may play to your heart's content, but if you sound it after the sun has set you will regret the day you were born. Now you can have your first acquaintance with your new friend; carry it, and follow me."

It was almost as tall as José, but when his eager hands touched it, it seemed as light as a feather, and with a heart burning with happiness he followed his guide to a cave hidden among the rocks of the neighboring cliff. He had now no fear of Fedora, no day-dreams to pain him with wishes that could never be realized. He was to become famous, to have a name greater than the king to whom all men bent the knee. Oh, if Zora only knew it!"

His guide seemed to know his thoughts and turned on him with pitying eye while the harp suddenly became a burden in his hands. José realized the cause, and resolved to think only of the mission given him.

The cavern home of the musician was soon reached and a new round of surprises awaited the wondering boy. The walls were richly inlaid with precious stones. Swords and spears, battle-axes and shields, hung about on all sides. The owner seeing the look of inquiry in the boy's eyes explained the cause of this array.

"You wonder," he said, "why this warlike display is to be found in the home of a musician. Well, it has not always been peace with me. Long years ago a report spread abroad that my harp was in this part of the world, and knights and squires, kings and princes, came to take it from me; but none ever went back to tell that they had seen me. Yet I never lifted weapon against man. The harp can protect itself, and any who have offered it violence have left their weapons here as a mark of their rashness."

José wondered how it could be that a harp, seemingly as light as air, could have such power; but the world he had come into was a strange one, and he determined to wait patiently that he might know all.

"I am afraid," said his new friend, "by putting you to sleep to-day so early I have robbed you of your noonday meal, but you shall be recompensed. Lay the harp there," said he, pointing to a richly carved box, "and come to this little room where we will take some food."

José did as he was bidden, and found that the apartment within was adorned with ivory and gold and that the table was spread with the rarest fruits and viands. The plates were gold, the heavier dishes silver, worked in forms of surpassing beauty, and each had on it a blazing sun. No one was about, yet everything seemed prepared for the monarch of the cave.

José asked no questions, but to his inquiring looks the little man replied with a merry laugh, "Eat, my boy! To-morrow you will be in the same service and I will lie down here and rest till the world knows the value of the music of my instrument."

José ate more heartily than he had ever done in his life before, and when he had finished his meal his new friend bade him go to rest on a couch prepared in one corner of the cave.

José slept a sound, sweet sleep; only one thought was in his young brain—the thought that he was to be greater than the king. The sunset music of the

previous day played through his dreams and made his sleep as gentle as if he had never known pain or sorrow.

## CHAPTER IV.

The night sped swiftly by, and soon the dark shadow that covered the earth began to lift, and in its place a misty gray spread over the sky, over the mountain top, and over the forest. But this was only a forerunner to the full light of the morning, for soon this gray changed to purple, the purple to red, the red to golden, the gold of the dazzling sunshine; and the whole world began to awake.

With the first ray of sunlight the quaint little musician took his harp from its couch, and placing it between his knees began to caress it affectionately, as a father might a child he loved. Sweetly the instrument responded to his caresses and a morning song of joy burst forth triumphantly. It seemed to say: "Awake, awake! Light has come. Darkness has vanished. Awake! Awake! The world is awake. Joy is spreading over the whole world."

The music grew in vigor, and as it increased José heaved a heavy sigh—not of weariness, but a sigh of one who has realized some long-desired pleasure. On hearing the sigh the musician rose from where he had been sitting and standing upright played a ringing air that banished sleep from José's eyes.

Slowly he rose, boy-like rubbed the last traces of sleep from his eyes, and recalled, as in a dream, the pain of the previous day and the joy of the evening. But this was only for a moment. The music had possession of him once more and he could think of nothing else. At last the closing chords were struck, and as the musician put the harp back on its couch he cried out: "Now, my little man, I see you are awake. Don't

stand there in the cold. Put on your rags and we will have some breakfast."

José blushed for shame at the word rags, but hurriedly put them on. He did this with no little disappointment, for he had hoped that the good musician would bestow on him a suit such as he himself wore.

The little man read his thoughts, and said: "Wait, my lad, and all will be yours. You go forth to-day, and the harp must provide you with everything. You will not be long in your suit of rags. The king himself will provide you with as royal a robe as ever young prince wore. But now that you are dressed we will have something to eat and then you must go out into the world once more. This time you will not have to go alone; you will have a helper and protector with you, but if you prove false and faithless a worse calamity than fear of Fedora's voice or Fedora's sword will befall you."

José shuddered at the thought of Fedora and her weapon, but the musician had once more taken up his instrument, and as he played a door in the end of the cave opened,—or rather a rock swung back as if by magic, and unseen hands made ready a feast even more marvellous than the one he had enjoyed on the previous night. When the table was loaded with good things to eat the end of the cave swung into place once more, the music ceased, and the player turning to José, said: "Now eat a hearty meal; the next you get will have to be by your own skill."

The two sat down to the table and began their breakfast At first José was a little timid, but his timidity soon passed away, and he was enjoying a meal such as he had never dreamed of tasting. The dishes were new to him, and he would have been at a loss to give them names, but this did not prevent his thinking he had never tasted any-

thing so delicious. The old musician watched him with a kindly smile, and seemed to take pleasure in the boy's evident enjoyment. At the close of the meal he said: "Now if your hunger is satisfied we will go into the beautiful sunshine. But take a good look at this room, remember everything you see, and talk to the harp when you are lonely about its old home: it will remember all, and will never fail to make you glad."

As he spoke he rose, and José rose too; a little reluctantly it is true, for on the table there was still some fruit they had not eaten, and José had a boy's desire to leave nothing good behind him.

"Come my lad," said his friend, "if you would conquer all things you must be devoted to one thing only. The Harp of the Sun must be from this day forth your only desire. You will find your freedom by being a slave to it, and you will find it no unpleasant master."

Without a word José followed the musician into the glorious morning. The earth was awake with joyful sound; the trees were bending and sighing under the light wind that swept up from the southern sea: the flowers waving in the sun or nestling in their beds of moss were still glistening with the dews of night; the wood, too, was alive with birds, and songs of love for mates, songs of thanksgiving that the dangers of the night were past, songs that told only the happiness the feathered songsters had in living, rose in continuous music on all sides.

José's eyes sparkled with delight, and he would have liked to throw himself down on the grass and listen through the whole day to this glad chorus. Ever since he had entered the cave he could not help thinking that, perhaps, it was all a dream; but this world that he had known from his boyhood, the birds that he had pointed out to Zora, the flowers that he had plucked to wind in a crown about her head when they played at king and queen, all made him realize that he was the same boy who had left Zora in her mountain home, who had been sold to Mother Fedora for two sheep, who had had his name changed from Ismael to José, who had been beaten, and who had fled. But all the terror of the last few days had vanished from his mind.

The musician did not stop to listen to the sounds, or to drink in the sights, but beckoned to José to follow him to the mossy mound where he had sat on the previous evening. When he reached it he sat down, took the silken mantle off the harp; and the strings, as they caught the sunlight, seemed to dance and vibrate in eagerness for their master's touch. But he did not touch them. He beckoned to José, who came to him, and stood waiting and expectant, eager to hear the music that had charmed away pain and sorrow after his flight and neglected duty. But the little man sat with head bowed down and made no effort to play his instrument. At length he rose, as if from a dream, and with sad eyes, and a face from which all the light, merry laughter seemed to have passed away, said: "Take my place, and play. It is yours, play."

José was amazed, and cried out, "I cannot play, O Master, I have never played on aught save a rude whistle shaped by my own hand. I cannot play, but teach me. I can learn."

The musician did not seem to hear him: "Take my place," he said. "It is yours, my harp is yours! Take it, and play!"

José could do nothing but obey. He began to think that his kind host was mad, and tremblingly he sat down among the flowers, and as he stretched forth his young arms to the instrument, he said: "What shall I play? I know only the rude songs that the robbers delight in."

"Play your thoughts," said the musician. "Fear not! The power to make the strings answer to your wish will be given to you."

But José was not reassured. When his fingers touched the strings he expected to see them snap beneath his touch, but instead they responded with a note of sweetness that filled the whole dell.

"Fear not!" cried the musician. "Play your thoughts! Give yourself up to the harp, and the music will come."

José needed no second bidding, now that the first note had given him confidence; and as he thought of the beauty of the world, the joy of being free, and the feeling that in his hands was an instrument that would make him famous, the strings seemed to answer to his thoughts, and the sunbeam-like chords danced and vibrated before his eyes, pealing forth music that seemed to flood the world. The trees stopped swaying, the flowers ceased nodding in the light morning wind, the birds refrained from singing, and all Nature breathlessly listened to the music of the enraptured boy-musician.

On and on he played, nor did he think of ceasing till his companion interrupted him with the words: "Now, you see, you are a master, too; master of the grandest instrument in the world; and you can only master it as long as you are master of yourself. Cover it with this silken mantle, and listen. I am sending you forth to give this music to the world: no matter what song may be desired of you, think, and it will come. Only remember three things are required of you: your life must be lived for truth and honesty; no evil must enter into it, or your hand will lose its cunning. While you have the harp in your possession no other affection must enter your life: love of gold, love of power, even family ties must never lure you away; and if you should ever covet money, power, or love you must bring the harp back to me, I will be here to receive it. But the third condition is the one I would warn you against most earnestly. The harp is the Harp of the Sun. It must never be touched excepting when the Sun in in the heavens. You will be tempted: time and again powerful monarchs will desire you to play in the evening, their time of mirth; but refrain. Let them wait till the morning; you are their monarch in this; and if any of them should attempt to use force you will be protected. If you should break this last condition, terrible will be the results. Do you promise to keep all these conditions? If you do, go! the world awaits your music."

"I do I do," cried José, eagerly falling on his knees before his stern questioner, "Night and morning, morning and night, I will live only for my instrument."

"Rise then, and take it; but before you go forth let me touch it once again. If you are faithful I may never see it more, but if you are untrue it will come back to me."

José rose from his knees, and the old musician seated himself, and seized the harp. As he removed its covering a thin, grey mist swept over the sky, and spreading across the sun cast a dull pale light over the earth. But the player did not look up. Silently, sorrowfully, he touched the chords, and the sad music sighed out on the morning air. The wood caught the strain and the trees and birds all seemed to join in the plaintive notes. It was a farewell, and the pangs that were in the heart of the musician found sympathy in the instrument. The birds had learned something of the music from the wondrous harp, and they were heavy at heart when they caught the notes of this song of leave-taking. Sadly the musician played, slowly the cloud crept across the sun, and just as the last gray shadow passed away from the wood, the music ceased, and the musician's head fell forward lovingly against his instrument.

For a moment he remained thus, and José could not keep back the tears as he saw the sorrow his friend was enduring. But it was only for a moment. The head was soon raised, and with a firm voice the musician said: "Take it! It is yours! Go, now, and play from morning till evening whenever difficulties are in your way, and there is nothing that you will not be able to overcome. As for me, I go to yonder cave, there I will remain till you have either proved yourself, by your power to resist the evil of this world, worthy to take my place, or till you have broken your promises, and then the instrument will come back and remain with me till one worthy is found to take it from my hands."

With these words he slowly dragged himself to the cave and left José standing wondering and alone before his treasure.

## CHAPTER V.

For a moment José remained dumbfounded. A sense of utter loneliness came over him as he stood in that beautiful dell, looking towards the cave for his kind old friend, who had disappeared from sight. He felt like rushing after him and begging him to come into the busy world too; but just as his feet were about to obey his thoughts he saw the rocks slowly moving across the entrance to the cave, and nothing was to be seen but a sheer wall of immovable granite.

José naturally was awe-struck at the strange world he had unexpectedly dropped into; his heart rose within him, and there was a choking feeling about his throat that almost suffocated him. It was the feeling that he was without friends, and alone in the world; and he was about to throw himself down on the mossy bank, and weep in utter dejection, when his eyes fell on the instrument that was now his own.

He no longer felt lonely. Had he not been able to draw from its chords music that made him forget everything, and was it not his own now, his own forever! He would not weep; he would play; and as he said this to himself he seized the golden, jewel crowned harp, and began to run his fingers over the strings.

He played a song of comfort, and as he played he seemed to get strength to endure anything. As he finished his song, the birds that had been hushed into silence burst out into merry song, as if beseeching him to play on; but he could not, he had a mission before him. Into the world he must go; and drawing the silken covering over his harp, and laying it gently across his shoulders he began to walk towards the dark woods that must be passed before he could reach the world of men, the world that was henceforth to know the music that had for so many centuries been given to the flowers and the trees, the beasts and the birds.

His eager young feet soon reached the edge of the wood, and his eyes scanned the ground for a path, but there was none to be seen. How was he going to get through? It would not do to attempt to crush through the tangled bushes and over the fallen trees with his precious instrument, for the branches and thorns that had torn his clothes only the day before were still there and would snap the strings of his harp as if they were cobwebs.

His spirit fell within him at the difficulties he had to face; but the words of the musician came to him: "Play the harp when in trouble, it will never fail you," so he took it from his shoulder, held it before him, and played an appeal to the wood spirits to open up a way for him; and, as he played, a path seemed to be disclosed at his very feet. The harp, too, became as light as thistle down, and moved before him as if sustained by unseen hands. As he played he advanced through the branches that parted and lifted in his path. He looked not down, he looked not up; he looked not to the right nor to the left, but played and followed where his instrument led.

Suddenly he seemed to feel a trembling under his fingers. He cast his eyes along the path, and there in the very heart of the wood and right before him lay a great wolf ready to spring upon him. His first thought was that it was the wolf that Fedora had told him about, the wolf that lay in wait to devour sheep and boys. He began to tremble as he looked at the giant beast lying there with blazing eyes that seemed already to be devouring him. Its fierce red tongue lolled savagely from its black mouth, and as it gazed at him low growls came from its bristling throat.

His knees knocked together, his heart failed him, and his hands fell lifeless at his sides. As the music ceased, the wolf rose slowly, and advanced towards him growling savagely, showing the white fangs by which he felt in a moment he would be torn to pieces. It was too late to flee, and José was about to close his eyes and surrender his life to his fierce enemy, when the words, "It will never fail you!" seemed to blaze before him.

To be continued

# RIVERS—AND A RIVER

BY EMILY VANDERHOOF

"THE River of Youth?" said the Little Lady, musingly. "No, not necessarily Florida. It's just the particular river of your fancy. Now, I like the River Avon best—that's the River of Youth to me. Reason? Oh, none at all, I suppose. But the Avon—it is intimate, cheerful, conversational, even fussily so at times, but I don't mind that. I feel as though I could draw my chair up close beside it and settle down for a little chat."

Now, there is no one in the whole world more delightful than the Little Lady when she "settles down for a chat." She drew the soft white shawl more closely around her shoulders, straightened her glasses, and resumed:

"You know, as we get further along in life it is the cheerful things that appeal to us most. Perhaps that is because we have so many sad realities behind us—and the sadder reality, that we are old, beside us.

"The River Avon makes me forget that I am old. It seems ever young, with the enthusiasms, the optimism, the boundless hope of Youth, and yet I know it is as old as the everlasting hills."

The Little Lady turned toward the window looking out over the fresh green fields, and continued, as though thinking aloud:

"It has its memories, too. Did you know the Celts built their fortifications and lived in their huts and pits along its shores? Oh, yes, I've read all about it—when I see the word 'Avon' on a page I greet it like an old friend. And really, it's very interesting. The Druids, too, walked upon her grassy banks, waving their oak leaves and chanting their incantations."

The Little Lady laughed. "I never think of those old Druids," she said, "without wondering what they really thought of themselves down in their hearts. They were such colossal old shams. Just think of their taking the trouble to get up every day at sunrise. I know they did it to impress the people."

The Little Lady looked a bit conscious. She herself prefers to lie abed o' mornings.

She readjusted her glasses, patted her soft white hair, glanced covertly in the mirror, for the Little Lady is proud, and with reason, then went on:

"I think the Avon took the Romans rather seriously. She couldn't help doing so. They took her people by force, but after all they didn't make much of an impression on the country. However, they did build some good roads and taught the desirability of bathing—and I fancy the Britons needed the latter knowledge. The poor Avon—she must have suffered in the process."

The Little Lady's eyes twinkled. "But most of her memories are cheerful ones. The Cabots, John and Sebastian, sailed out from her waters to discover America. It was a splendid day for the Avon when the Cabot boys came home in the 'Matthew' a whole year before Columbus, with word of a new world. Is that news to you, too? Perhaps, then, you didn't know the Avon was responsible for Robinson

Crusoe. Yes, the 'Duke and Duchess,' sailing from Avon water, took Alexander Selkirk off his little island just two centuries ago. The tale of his adventures inspired Daniel Defoe to write his story."

The Little Lady was a bit proud of her history, but she glanced anxiously up. "I'm boring you. Forgive me. No? Well, just a little more.

"You see," she apologized, "there are rivers and rivers,—and the River Avon means so much to me. There's our own St. Lawrence, making its lonely way to the sea—its broad lakes, tiny white-walled villages, even its great cities, mere incidents in its career. It takes its steady course unheeding. Indian, voyageur, coureur-du-bois, French discoverer, English conqueror, all have dipped their paddles in its mysterious waters. All have come and gone, but the river remains unchanged. It is a sentient thing, brooding on the past with a gentle melancholy, seeming to hug to its bosom some mighty secret which it is to give up only to the sea. It makes me sad. It recalls dear friends now long gone, lost happiness, empty triumphs, dead hopes—to me it's age—age—age.

"And even the Ottawa, the muddy, roaring, turbulent Ottawa! I hear its laughing, cursing, fighting rivermen singing,

'Ho ro, mo nighean donn bhoidheach,
Hi ri, mo nighean donn bhoidheach,
Mo chaileag, laghach, bhoidheach,
Cha phosainn ach thu.'

as they bring down the raft, but it doesn't bring me any joy of the present, or hope for the future. It's just a river—nothing more.

"But the Avon tells me things. It whispers softly of days gone by.

"Who is this dainty lady picking her way carefully over the smooth clean stones? The 'Beauty of Bath' going down to the river to take ship for Bristol, there to select silks to wear at the pageant. The Society of Merchant Venturers of that great town will spread before her for her critical inspection, riches from over seas, silks, satins, laces from France, jewelry from Venice, and perhaps some trinkets from America."

The Little Lady sighed, thinking perhaps of the day when she too was a part of the Pageant of Youth, and leaned down to move the ottoman closer to her chair. When she looked up again, there was a suspicious brightness to her eyes.

"There was Chatterton, the Marvelous Boy," she continued in her mellow voice. "I can see him as a child roaming through the aisles of that old Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, rummaging in the 'muniment-room,' where they kept the musty old manuscripts, then wandering out to the river bank where strange imaginings and inspirations came to him. The Avon spoke to him, too, I'm sure, and who knows what influence it had upon him. Poor boy, he was like a meteor flashing its brief brilliant path across the sky. If the Avon could mourn, I think it would be for him."

The Little Lady stopped speaking. She closed her eyes, and leaned her head against the back of her chair. The lines around her mouth and eyes told of heavy sorrows, bravely borne.

After a time she resumed in her sweet low voice, "To me the Avon is the River of Youth. It is joyous, exhilarant, bubbling over with spirits. There are the happy highlands of dreams, rainbow-hued, through which the sparkling river flows. There are misty valleys, deep, dark woods where robbers lie in wait for the unwary; there are plumed knights; there are lovely ladies to be rescued; there are secret rooms and pirate caves, Spanish gold and pieces of eight. Then there is some fairer dream than all, a hallowed dream, a dream to work for, to fight for, to sear our very soul for, but one day this dream too joins all the others. Happy are those who can cherish a memory of this dream and for its sake keep a pure heart and an undimmed vision. The Avon, quiet, unassuming, flowing serenely in pleasant places, helps me believe that it is possible to have disappointment, sorrow, knowledge of life, and yet to be hopeful—to be happy."

Dear Little Lady! You'll never grow old, with your loving heart and understanding spirit. For you the River of Youth flows steadily onward.

# READY-MADE FARMS—A BRITISH OPINION

BY CURRIE LOVE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"AND, by Jove, I hadn't been in the town half-an-hour, y'know, before a big hearty chap came up to me and says, 'I hear you've come over to settle on one of our Strathmore farms.' "

The man talking was "a big, hearty chap" himself, evidently a British farmer of the sturdy, successful sort. I pricked up my ears and began to follow the conversation on the other side of the country hotel table. The room was crowded with farmers of all nationalities, and their talk was of crops and soil, horses and steam-plows, and the gossip incidental to agriculture. All the men were muscular and brown, but this broad, red-cheeked Englishman dominated them all by sheer force of bulk and enthusiasm. He was explaining something to three or four young fellows of the landseeker type and I listened shamelessly.

" 'Settle on a farm?' says I. 'Why, yes, you might call it that.'

" 'You'll be sorry,' says he, shaking his head like a jackdaw before rain.

"Well, that was rather a downer, y'know, to a chap that had just landed. I took a look at the wife, and I could fair see her ears droop. She'd been a bit homesick, anyhow, over leaving her mother and the countryside where her folk had lived for nigh four hundred years. So I looked at the chap square, and says I, 'Sorry?'

" 'Yes, sorry,' he says—'sorry you didn't come five years ago!' and how he did laugh! Big, jolly chap he was, and is yet—has a quarter four mile south of my place, and is doing more than fairish. Well, that put heart into both of us, for we knew we could do what he had done. Fact of the case is, we're getting a better start than he did, because we're on a ready-made farm. Lucky we were to get a chance at one, too, with Americans and Englishmen from all the colonies reachin' for them, hungry as cats for liver. But they've ruled that nobody but folk from Old England can have one—there were only so many farms, anyway—and there were over thirty Englishmen applying for every one.

"Over a hundred of us there were to come over, and it was a big undertaking to get us out here. Englishmen are a conservative lot, you know, and many of these farmers had never been twenty miles away from home before. A trip to the nearest market town is the extent of their traveling, so you can imagine what it means for a man like that to pick up a wife and three or four children and come, lock, stock and barrel, four thousand miles.

"It's that journey that's kept a lot

THE LIVING-ROOM OF A READYMADE FARMER'S READYMADE HOUSE TWO WEEKS AFTER HE ARRIVED IN STRATHMORE.

of Englishmen away, that and the idea that they were coming over here to rough it, to build their shacks on unbroken prairie and to wait a year or two before they realized on their investment, for the Englishman likes to see someone else do the pioneering and then step in to reap the benefit of the other fellow's work.

"That's why this ready-made farm scheme appealed to us. When I read Sir Thomas's speech and saw what the railway offered the British farmer in Canada, I said to the wife, 'That's the ticket. I'm going to find out about this.' And I did. And here we are.

"Their proposition was this:

" 'Over in the Bow River Valley in Alberta, we have three million acres of farm lands which we are putting under irrigation. We've divided part of the tract into sections of eighty to one hundred acres for selling, and fifty of these acres we'll break, cultivate and sow to a crop before you leave the old country. We'll fence your farm, dig you a well, and build you a house and barn so that all you'll have to do is to move in, buy your cattle, implements and farm machinery and settle down to reap the crop which will mature within a few months. You may pay for the land in ten equal annual instalments and if you have the money and wish to pay it sooner, you may pay it all at once. We charge you bank interest on the unpaid instalments and we add the cost of the buildings and improvements to the regular cost of the land.'

BEDROOM IN THE SAME HOUSEHOLD —NO SLEEPING ON THE GROUND THE FIRST MONTH HERE.

"Well, it was a big opportunity for us. The English farmer is in the grip of the landowner. He pays rent to a landlord and then has to pay one-twentieth of his rent to the government as taxes. The result is that he never owns anything himself, but works twenty-five or fifty years for his board and clothes and none too much of either. Then he dies a poor man with nothing to leave his family but the same heritage of hard work.

"So, when we saw a chance like this, to come over here to a house all ready for us, a farm broken, and none of the hardships of pioneering, with the hope of owning our farms absolutely in a few years, why, it seemed too good to be true. They say that opportunity comes just once in a man's lifetime and this, I think, is ours. I don't wonder that a Danish immigration agent nicknamed the company, 'Providence, Incorporated.'

"It's a great scheme. The first idea was to have just thirty farms, as an experiment, and when I tell you there were eleven hundred applicants for those thirty farms, you'll realize just how the thing looked to the British farmer.

"And now that we're over here, I can't tell you what we think of the country. We've seen nothing but sunshine, and the air's just like wine, it's so bracing. The soil is wonderful, so rich and black and deep. In old England, a man has to be a chemist to be a good farmer. The soil is so old and impoverished that you must dose it

THEIR FIRST LOOK AT CANADA—THE LINER BRINGS OVER A HUNDRED READYMADE FARMERS FROM BRITAIN.

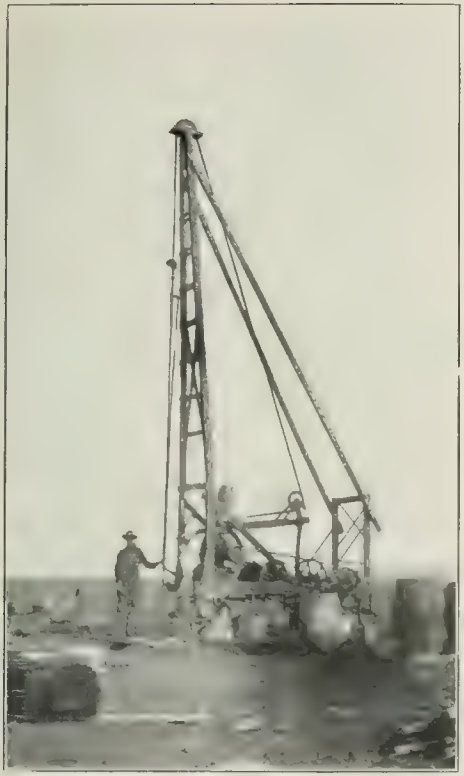
with chemicals to make it produce. Here the soil is virgin and so rich that all we'll have to do is to sow the seed and watch the crop come up.

"I met a man on shipboard, H. Mallet Veale, his name is, who's a justice of the peace in South Africa where he owns a thirty-five-thousand-acre sheep ranch. He also owns a thousand acres of farm land in Devonshire but when I talked with him, he was coming over here to see the country and possibly invest in land for his sons. He has seven children. When he came to Strathmore, he got off to see us, and do you know what he did? He bought eighty acres here and is sending over a son to live on it. He says he intends to sell all his land in Africa—thirty-five thousand acres—and buy five thousand here. Then he'll bring all his family over here and live here himself. That's the decision of a man who is a judge of land too.

"Of course I know we've got a thundering lot to learn, but we're here to learn it. There isn't a remittance man in our crowd. We're all hard-working farmers, here to make money and do the best we can and if there should happen to be a drone in our colony, we'll jolly well throw him out, because we feel that it is our part to redeem the reputation of the Englishmen in Western Canada. You have had so many that were undesirable that we want to show you what the real Englishman is like.

"Then, too, we have to consider Britain. She's in a bad way to know what to do with her superfluous population. It is getting impossible for the poor man ever to get ahead. If we are successful, thousands will come out in our wake, because many of them are waiting to see how we do. So you see what it means to Britain.

"That proviso that a man must have at least a thousand dollars over and above his passage money is a good one for that lessens the chance of failure and it keeps the undesirable out. I hope they never take off that condition, and indeed I think if they went in for bigger farms and bigger houses for a ready-



HE DOESN'T NEED TO HAUL WATER IN BARRELS AND WASH IN A TEA CUP— 'PROVIDENCE INCORPORATED" HAS PUT IN A WELL.

TWO SMALL "READYMADES" MORE INTERESTED IN BUBBLES THAN CROPS.

made scheme, making a bigger property qualification, they would still have more applications than they could fill.

"We're a rather varied lot when you look us over. One of our men is a turkey-breeder of sorts. Another is famous for his poultry, with prizes from all over England. A third chap goes in for dairy cows and has already bought twenty as a start out here, and

A GROUP OF SONSY YOUNG SETTLERS IN STRATHMORE.

still another breeds draught horses. We all have our little hobbies and then we all know general farming as well. Our old country methods have had to be more thorough than yours over here because we've had so much greater difficulties to contend with and we hope to beat you at your own game when we put our scientific knowledge to work.

"We're happy too. The wife and I love our little home already. Everything seems like a picnic to us, it's so new and interesting and two or three years from now, we'll be going home on a visit to tell them of Canada, the wonder-country, where, if you can't pick up gold on the streets, you can at least plow it out of the ground."

The Englishman paused in his talk, and the high, clear whistle of an incoming train broke the sudden quiet of the dining-room, for conversation had ceased, and we had all been listening closely.

"Bless me!" he said, getting to his feet, "there's Number Six, and I must be off. I've preached you rather a bit of a sermon, lads, haven't I? But remember this, even if it does come from a layman—it's all true!"

# HONEST JOHN, M.P.

BY ARTHUR R. FORD

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPH

THERE is a soft-voiced, quiet-mannered, blue-eyed, ruddy-cheeked, grey-bearded member at Ottawa who in his day has had as adventurous and as stirring a career as any man in the Canadian parliament. It is John Herron, of Alberta—"Honest John" he is called at the capital.

John is now a man of peace. There is no kindlier or less belligerent member in the house; but time was when Honest John as mounted policeman, as cow-puncher and as boss of the Stewart ranch was a terror to the bad men who strayed over the border from Montana, to cattle thieves and to Indian braves who resented the intrusion of the white man.

You may find him lounging in a soft-armed chair in Number 89 -the Conservative headquarters—smoking his ubiquitous pipe, and if he is in reminiscent mood he may spin you a yarn of those wild, early days. He may tell you of the 3,000 mile ride he took in 1875 across Western Canada, over the Rockies, down through Washington state to Salt Lake City and back to Calgary. In '75 it was a perilous trip. Western Canada was the home of the wandering Blackfoot, the Blood and the Peigan; the Rockies were unexplored and the warring Sioux and the roving bandit made travel a different question from the luxurious parlor car of to-day. John may tell you of how he has trailed cattle thieves, desperadoes and Indians through long black nights across the plains and through mountain passes. He may relate the story of the capture of the famous outlaw, "Charcoal," or may tell of the exciting days of the rebellion of 1885. Perhaps he will talk of his cow-punching, his broncho-busting or of round-ups. He may—if you are fortunate; for John is modest and far from garrulous.

John Herron was born in Carelton County, near Ottawa, but life in the home valley was too tame for him, and in 1874, he struck the long and almost unknown trail for Winnipeg, where he joined the Mounted Police, then newly organized. The following year Major General Smythe of the British army

made a trip of inspection through western Canada and Herron was a member of the escort. They left Winnipeg on May 24th, and struck overland for Edmonton, then a little Hudson Bay post. From there they journeyed south to Fort MacLeod and penetrated the defiles of the Crow's Nest Pass, finally reaching Fort Steele. Here most of the escort returned, but the general had taken a liking to the young recruit and insisted that he should remain. They went south to the old Oregon trail and came to Walla Walla. A further journey of six hundred miles principally by stage brought Herron to Salt Lake City, then an outpost of civilization. From there he went to Ogden by rail, for he had parted with General Smythe and had received from him what looked like a small-sized fortune to the boy, $300 in gold.

John then decided to start for Calgary, a thousand mile ride. It was a daring undertaking, for the Blackfoot and the Sioux were on the war-path. Four hundred miles out his saddle horse developed a sore back. The situation was beginning to look serious, when one night about dusk he ran into several Indians, and a horse deal was arranged.

"I backed," said Herron, speaking of the incident, "the sore side away from the Indian when taking off the saddle, got my saddle on the Indian's pony, and was just preparing to mount when he discovered the sore. 'Ugh! Ugh! no trade,' he grunted. I jumped on the horse, dug in the spurs and hit for the plains. The Indians shouted, but were so surprised I was off in the gloom before they could shoot or follow. I rode twenty-five miles that night," adds John, "for I didn't know but what the whole Blackfoot tribe was on my trail. It may not have been quite right, but I badly needed that pony."

It was Christmas time before he reached Calgary, then but a police post, having traveled three thousand miles on horse back since May 24.

Herron stayed with the Mounted Police until 1878 when he returned to Ottawa and entered the grocery business. But he soon found selling tea,

HE HAS HAD IN HIS DAY AS ADVENTUROUS AND STIRRING A CAREER AS ANY MAN IN PARLIAMENT.

sugar and finnan haddies in Ottawa, while profitable enough, was not particularly exciting. It was a stupid, slow life after the frontier and the summer of 1881 saw him again headed for the West, this time in charge of a train load of horses for the Mounted Police. He delivered them safely at Fort Walsh and then struck out for himself, to begin his career as a rancher.

With Major Stewart of Ottawa, he leased twenty-seven thousand acres of grazing land at Pincher Creek. He went south to Idaho for cattle and horses, drove a thousand head of cattle north seven hundred miles to Pincher Creek and turned them loose on the range. Again he headed for Idaho and this time brought up three hundred horses. Leaving the cow-boys in charge he returned to the east, reached Ottawa at Christmas and came back to the West in the spring with his wife to take complete charge of the Stewart ranch.

In 1890 the stock was sold and Herron began ranching on his own account, but that is a long time ago.

The unwritten code of the range

demanded that every rancher respect the property and the brand of another. Woe to the man who didn't and woe to the cattle thief from over the border. Once in a while some man would be suspected of tampering with his neighbor's herds. Swift and secret was the justice handed out to him by the Vigilant committee. He would be escorted by night to the American line, whence he never came back. After the disappearance of the buffaloes there was great trouble with Indian cattle thieves, and Herron was often forced to dispense summary justice.

When the rebellion of 1885 broke out, the outlook in Southern Alberta was serious. The Indians were restive and threatening. John Herron organized a company of cow-boys at Pincher Creek for Stewart's Rocky Mountain Rangers, and a dashing and brilliant company they made. They were in charge until the rebellion was over and prevented any outbreaks.

It was in the winter of 1896 that John Herron caused the capture of Charcoal, alias "Bad Young Man," notorious Indian outlaw. Charcoal murdered another Indian named Medicine Pipe Stem and fled into the Porcupine Hills with his squaws and children. For six weeks he was chased by a posse of two hundred and fifty armed men, police and ranchers. Once a band of police charged on his wigwam, but he managed to get out at the back, doubled around, stole an officer's horse and got away.

Inspector Wilde with several policemen and Indians ran him down finally in a bush. Charcoal saw his only chance of escape was to strike across the open, but Inspector Wilde rapidly gained on him. Once he raised his rifle to fire but dropped it, evidently wanting to take Charcoal alive. They raced over the plains until the nose of the Inspector's horse was at the tail of Charcoal's. The red man suddenly wheeled in his seat and shot. Wilde fell from his horse, and the murderer drew rein, put another shot in the dying man, danced a war dance over him, stole his horse and started for the mountains.

It was twelve o'clock that night when a messenger aroused Herron at his ranch and told him of the death of Wilde. John immediately dressed, mounted and rode into Pincher Creek to rouse the citizens. Three volunteered and the four of them started hot after Charcoal. It was four in the morning when they reached the spot where Wilde had been shot. It was too dark to take up the trail and nothing could be done, but wait until morning. As soon as daylight broke they started in hot pursuit of the murderer. All that day they followed his tracks until they reached the mountains. Late in the afternoon the tracks reached a mountain stream. Sometimes they ran in the valley and sometimes on the hills. The force which now consisted of five, with one Indian, "Tail Feathers Around His Neck," was divided. John and Tail Feathers remained on the hills. Those down below soon got two miles ahead. John came to a steep hill. They had to beat back. Going down through a ravine Herron spied Charcoal two hundred yards away with his rifle leveled dead on him. He knew his only chance of safety lay in pretending not to see him. The rancher without altering his pace turned his horse aside to a little hill. Behind the elevation he jumped and opened fire with his Colt's revolver — his Winchester he had given to one of the other men. "If I had had my rifle I could easily have shot Charcoal," says John modestly now. The Indian got into the woods. The rest of the party hearing the shooting came galloping up. It was dusk though and everything favored Charcoal. They pursued him in the forests and beat the woods until it was pitch dark. They were continually running into each other and afraid of killing one of their own number; Herron reluctantly called off the search. Herron had turned him back to the reserve and Charcoal sought shelter with his two brothers Left Hand and Bear's Bone. A reward of two hundred dollars had been offered and Charcoal's brothers gave him up. He was afterwards hanged. The Mounted Police records give John Herron, of Alberta, the credit for the capture of Charcoal.

### OH, YOUTH, YOUTH, YOUTH!

"ELOPE? Oh, splendid! But do it beautifully—beautifully! Don't go at night—that's commonplace and dull! Go in the full sunlight, at high noon when the birds are singing, the flowers blooming, and your road lies white and smooth before you, set in green fields on either hand. Do it beautifully—I'll help you!"

Thus John Westley as Coventry Petmore in *The Upstart* when pretty Beatrice Mitchell (played by Charlotte Ives) is wavering on the borderland of solving her marital troubles by flying with the chauffeur in approved style. As a pictorial setting it's undeniably a peach—but if you really want to pull it off, it's safest to do it in the dark.

Coventry, whose sobriquet of "The Upstart" fits him to a hair, has reformed his own family until they have shipped him off to Judge Mitchell's in despair, hoping that that keen old jurist (who is most realistically acted by James Lackaye) will put a few crimps in his militant enthusiasm. The Judge does his shrewd, humorous best with the cock-sure young chap, but to his reforming mind the household is a find that just suits him.

The Rev. James Mitchell, a top-lofty, up-in-the-clouds young, professor of theology, is carrying out a system of dignified ministerialism with his romantic young wife, Beatrice, which doesn't at all meet her ideas of matrimonial bliss. His expression of pained disgust when she, for example, suggests that she call him "Jim" would make any human woman want to slap him, and it really isn't any wonder that she allows the attentions of the Judge's handsome Irish chauffeur, who in gift of blarney and romantic imagination quite lives up to the traditions of his race.

Larry O'Neill promises "green fields and sunshine" far away from sermons and musty books, and his ardent wooing blows Beatrice, who is only a bit of thistledown anyway, off her feet. The elopement is planned, and the Upstart, who like an evil spirit seems to have a genuis for being everywhere that he isn't wanted, discovers the plan. Instantly he assumes management of the affair, crowing with glee over the opportunity to demonstrate his theories of love and marriage.

Unaware that he is to be the victim, the husband-professor is rehearsed by the Upstart in his role of renunciation, and unconsciously digs a pit for himself while endorsing the young reformer's theory that a husband should willingly release his wife, if she wishes freedom.

"Go to the other man if you love him! Your happiness is my happiness! This is the most terrible blow of my life; it will tear me asunder. But if

you love him go- -and God bless you!" declaims the Upstart, and the Reverend James repeats it after him.

"Splendid! Splendid!" he declares, flipping his coat tails in true ministerial fashion. "Beautiful thought! Beautiful. I shall make that a text for a sermon."

But the Upstart's Sunlight Special is destined to be side-tracked. When Beatrice, charmingly gowned, descends to the study and announces that she and Larry are about to fly at high noon, as per schedule, the Reverend James's theories do a lightning flip-flop, and for once in his life he becomes quite human.

In spite of his thunders, the elopers depart, only to be overtaken and brought back by the wise old Judge, who fires the chauffeur, lets Beatrice cry it out on his ample shoulder, and gives his theological son a little temporal counsel.

"Come down to earth, James," he advises the dignified Reverend, and when Beatrice is sent into the room by the Judge, her stately spouse tumbles down on his knees before her, begs her to call him "Jimmie," and pets her like a human man,—which was all she really wanted, anyway.

Peace is restored and everything is quiet in the household except the irrepressible Upstart, who is of the non-shut-upable kind. His defeat doesn't quash him an iota—and he promptly dashes off to pastures new in the midst of a pouring rainstorm, leaving an unchristian wish in the mind of the beholder that it may dampen his ardor, if only for the sake of his future victims.

HENRY MILLER, WHO, AS UNCLE JOHN IN *Her Husband's Wife*, IS GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER AND FRIEND TO EVERYBODY, INCLUDING THE FAMILY CAT

### THE QUESTION OF EMILY

"TO MAKE a woman happy, keep her well supplied with troubles," says Henry Miller, as Uncle John in the new comedy-farce, *Her Husband's Wife*.

If this is true, everybody ought to travel in chanting two-

CHARLOTTE IVES' BIGGEST ASSETS ARE A SLIM THROAT AND A PAIR OF DARK EYES WHICH, AS BEATRICE IN *The Upstart*, SHE ROLLS DESPAIRINGLY AND IMPARTIALLY ON ALL COMERS.

steps through the play, for there are enough troubles stirred up by one small woman to occupy all the king's horses and all the king's men for a long summer day.

Mrs. Irene Randolph, played by Laura Hope Crews, is the author of all the woes, which she passes around generously. She is a self-centred, neurotic little woman, devoted to her green medicine and her red medicine, and the white powders to be taken after meals; and she is firmly convinced that she is presently to die and leave her husband all alone.

"Do your medicines help you?" inquires Uncle John, with the suspicion of a twinkle.

"Oh, *no*!" she says, "but you see this was brought to the house by such a

nice woman, who had I'm sure I don't know how many children, and I just felt it a *duty* to help her."

"Yes, but you don't have to take the medicine after you've bought it," points out Uncle John.

"Oh, but that would be charity!" protests Irene, horrified, "and she was a very nice woman and wouldn't *take* anything—I couldn't do that. And anyway," with charming resignation —"nothing makes any difference in the state of my health, you know."

Under these distressing circumstances, naturally it is only a question of time until the end. The husband must remain undyingly loyal to her memory, but equally of course he must have someone to take care of his comfort, so Mrs. Irene picks out a former school-friend, Emily Ladeu (played by Miss Grace Elliston) as a perfectly harmless candidate for the position of Mrs. Randolph No. 2, and tells her of the scheme in a very amusing scene.

Emily has had an unfortunate love-affair, and has let herself grow careless of her appearance without realizing it, but when Irene calmly explains how she has picked out Emily for her successor as the most innocuous person she knows, her pride is touched, and she resolves to give Irene a run for her money.

Imagine Irene's feelings when her husband comes in with a well-groomed, flirtatious, fascinating Emily, of whom the husband says innocently, "Be nice to her? Well, I should say so! It's no trouble at all to be nice to *her!*" The situation is decidedly turned, and Irene after their departure wails in hurt amazement, "The deceit of the woman! The dreadful deceit! Why, she's a regular bird of paradise—and I thought she was only a little brown sparrow!"

Uncle John assures her that it is up to her as an honorable woman to die and fulfil her part of the contract, but dying is the last thing in her head now. "Live?" Why, of course she is going to live—to spite that viper, if for nothing else—and she waves the maid with her green medicine away.

Her solution of the dilemma is to make her husband appear to have such a black character that Emily will be glad to release her from the bargain. But Emily, when this proposal is made to her, has no such notion, and in reply to Irene's plaintive, "But, my dear, he *beats* me!" counters gaily, "Watch me tame the brute!"

By this time, everybody is playing at cross-purposes, and finally the bewildered husband in despair sustains his undeserved reputation by getting joyously drunk (a bit of very good acting by Mr. Warwick), Emily is reunited to her lover, Irene discards her pills and powders forever, and the curtain descends on peace—and the husband sleeping it off.

### NEARLY A CANADIAN

WILTON LACKAYE is reputed to be a "woman-hater," and so it was with some trepidation that the lady-in-quest-of-an-interview presented herself at the stage door to beard the lion in his den.

Such a joyous surprise. Nothing could have been more courteous than one's reception, and no one could have been kinder than Mr. Lackaye.

One told him of one's anticipatory fears and much and joyous was the laughter that ensued.

"Really," said Mr. Lackaye, "I'm not so bad as all that, and especially not to Canadians. You know I'm nearly a Canadian myself. I was educated in Ottawa in the same class as Darcy Scott; Dauntonville, Bishop Superior of the Catholic Church in Canada; Maurice Casey, whom I consider the Canadian Kipling; and other men who have since made their mark in one line or another.

"Perhaps I am called a woman-hater because I don't approve of woman's suffrage and because I deprecate the amused contempt with which the average man treats the average woman.

"Now, isn't it true that the ordinary man makes an intelligent woman ridiculous with his attempts at gallantry, his attitude towards her being really more of an insult than a compliment?

"I don't treat a woman like a doll. I assume that she is a reasoning being

GRACE ELLISTON IS FAIR AND STATELY AS EVER, AND LOOKS THE PART OF EMILY LADEU TO PERFECTION.

until she is proved otherwise. So I must be a 'woman-hater'. Isn't that absurd?

"And as for the franchise for women; there isn't a question in my mind that a woman with brains and intelligence is much more worthy of a vote than an ignorant Italian laborer, for example. But my question is—will it do her any good? A Tammany leader, in speaking of the woman suffrage movement to me, said: 'Let 'em rave. I wish they would get it. They'd be crowded out of the polling-booths and our majority would be all the bigger'.

"Women will never allow themselves to be jostled by the drunken roustabouts of the polling-places—and there you are! When they want to face men on an equal footing of that sort, they will probably have their way, and I shan't want to stop them. But, meanwhile, what's the use?"

"Is it true," one asked, "that you are about to bring out a book of your witticisms?"

"No, indeed," with another laugh, "absolutely untrue. Doubtless a press agent's story. After all, you know, wit is just a matter of an alert mind and a good memory. When you put it on paper—it's gone!

"When Nat Goodwin was married the fourth time and I said, 'Ask me to one of your weddings some time, will you, Nat'? He replied, 'Well, you can't say I'm not game, anyway,' and Henry E. Dixey, who was standing by, chortled 'Humph! Battling Goodwin'. Now, that was funny at the moment.

DAINTY LAURA HOPE CREWS, WHOSE CHARMING DELINEATION OF SELF-CENTRED MRS. RANDOLPH IN *Her Husband's Wife* IS A REAL PLEASURE

It is funny told—but on paper! Oh, no! Not a book of witticisms."

Mr. Lackaye's wit is bright and keen and at times caustic, but always he is the polished man of the world who does not forget the dictates of good breeding, and one feels that laughter of that sort is worth while.

AS COVENTRY PETMORE IN *The Upstart*, JOHN WESTLEY HAS SOLVED THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE AND THE PROBLEM OF MATRIMONY—ALL BEFORE HE HAS A BEARD ON HIS CHIN.

### DAINTY ALICE DOVEY

PRETTIEST of ingenues is little Alice Dovey, who is playing with Lew Fields in *Old Dutch*. Miss Dovey's tiny feet and hands, her charming, almost infantile face; and her small stature would lead one to believe that she is no more than sixteen, yet she

boasts a European education in singing, and several years' experience in concert and stage work so one gathers that she must at least be of age.

She has a rather proud recollection of singing before Queen Alexandra when she was quite a small girl, and of being introduced to the Duchess of York, the present Princess of Wales.

"My sister Ethel and I were both very young," she says, "when we were presented and our chaperon who was most anxious that we should make a creditable showing, had coached us in the proper way to courtesy and all that. Ethel did it beautifully but I forgot all about it and just walked up to the Princess and putting out my hand, said, 'Why, how do you do. I'm pleased to meet you.'

"Consternation on the part of the chaperon and Ethel, but the Princess was as sweet as could be about it and I think she really liked me better than if I'd been properly formal.

"We studied with Madame Cellini for some time and when we came back to America we did concert work until we went on the stage. My sister is now in dramatic work and I am hoping that my engagement with Mr. Fields will continue indefinitely, for it is one of the most delightful I have ever had."

Mr. Fields always has children in his own plays and in *Old Dutch* he carries half a dozen tots who are the delight of the company. Miss Dovey deprecates the idea that children should not be allowed on the stage "for," she says, "they really have a delightful time; they're looked after properly and they're getting an excellent education. They're learning to be quick-witted, responsive and adaptable and they often develop into something really worth while in after years.

"Little Helen Hayes, who is probably the best child actress in our company, is devoted to Mr. Fields and to her work and she discounts many an older person in the quality of her common sense."

Perhaps it is the childlike quality in Miss Dovey which enables her to appreciate the position of the child-actor for she is a little person of "ohs" and "ahs" and rapturous exclamations who is as charming and unaffected as the normal child is supposed to be.

### A HANDFUL OF SALT

IF a man's unhappy, it's because there's a woman, or—there isn't.

—— –

We do one of two things in this world—either add, or subtract.

### FROM "THE BATTLE"

A WOMAN with a conscience has no scruples.

–

I'd rather be strongly wrong than weakly right.

A sense of humor is a valuable household possession.

### FOR THE STAGE-STRUCK GIRL

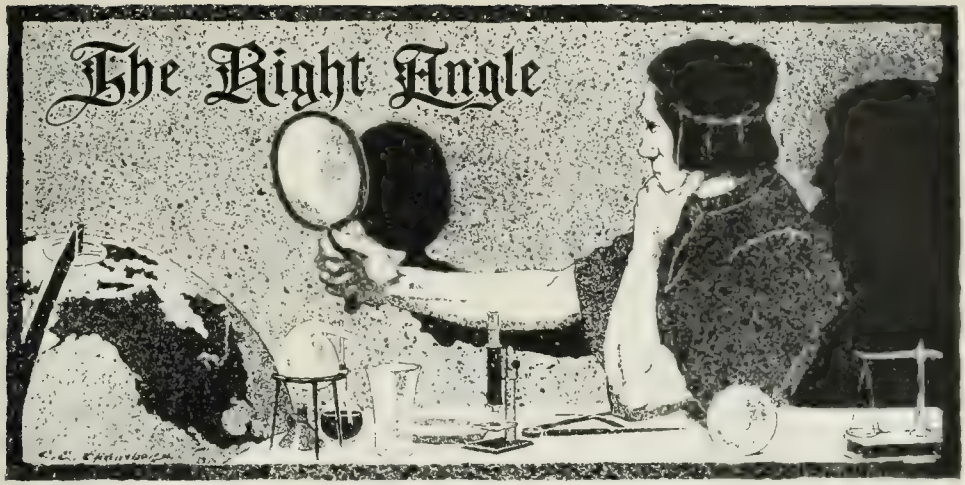
ALWAYS tell yourself the truth and beware of well-dressed strangers.

——

Don't try to educate the public—amuse it.

Don't repel criticism, invite it. Remember just as few people read your good notices as your bad ones, and nothing is so hard to find as yesterday's newspaper.

—*The Love Cure.*




### THE KING

THE death of the beloved King and Emperor came to every Canadian as a deep personal loss. Edward the Peacemaker won the love of his subjects by his kindly and democratic personality, and the respect of the world by his unerring judgment and far-sighted statesmanship. Every Canadian in the Dominion still carries a sore heart, even while welcoming the new sovereign to the throne. "The King is dead; long live the King" is a sad cry at best, and doubly so when the ruler who is gone has so long been as dear to his people as Edward VII.

May his successor and son reign prosperously and long, and win as dear a place as his father in the hearts of the Empire, and as wide a recognition among the powers of the world.

### PRAISE FROM CÆSAR

SOME of the United States journals are changing their point of view as to Canada's policy of conserving her natural resources for her own people, as is evinced by an editorial which appeared recently in the Minneapolis Daily News, and which we reprint in full:

> Canada is hanging on to her pulp wood; she is putting up her import duties on goods which could be manufactured within her boundaries so as to force manufacturers from the States to establish factories there, and she is even protesting because power developed from the Rainy River on the northern boundary of Minnesota is not used on the Canadian side. The Government as a unit is employing Canada's natural resources as a factor for local development
>
> Here on this side of the line we call it selfishness and clannishness, but in view of the easy-going way in which residents of the States have let the Morganheims and other predatories walk off with the most and the best of everything belonging to the people as a whole, the Canadian policy seems to have its advantages.
>
> There are other forms of patriotism than cheering for the dear old flag.

While, of course, we have had the mistakes of our big sister across the line to show us what we ought not to do in the way of national free-lunches, and we owe a good deal of our wisdom to observing the trouble she has laid up for her children; still, now that we are already enjoying the results of a real policy of conservation, consistently carried out, it is rather refreshing to have the big sister in question look harassedly up between the strokes of the muckrake, and utter an editorial like this.

### ETCHING IN COLOR

IT ISN'T often that anything new arises under a bored and blasé sun. When somebody springs a notion of his own, and sells the family cookstove to buy him a brass trumpet and proclaims his discovery from the housetops; in the height of his glory he hears some ancient Egyptian roll over in his sarcophagus and snort, "Oh, chestnuts; Get the hook!" It's as certain as the axiom about bread always falling on its buttered side.

But in the last few years artists have been experimenting with a new method of artistic expression, not revived from the Chinese or the Egyptian, or any Toth-Ra-Tum-Sennacherib school whatever —etching in color. At first glance this seems like a contradiction, etching as done by Rembrandt, Durer, Whistler, Pennell and the other masters of the craft being familiarly monochromatic but color etchings are now an accomplished fact.

Not long ago I dropped into the studio of Gustave Baumann, examples

STUDY BY GUSTAVE BAUMANN
Residence in Munich

of whose work in this medium are reproduced in these pages, to find him industriously operating a pair of bellows whose business end disappeared into a huge hatbox.

"My last color etching plate is in there," he explained in answer to a surprised query as to what in thunder he was doing. "There's some red powder in the box, too. Every few minutes I work the bellows and scare up the powder. Having been scared up, it settles on the plate, and gives the sort grainy effect you observe up yonder—with a jerk of a red-chalked thumb in the direction of a wonderfully soft-toned composition on the wall, full of "the light that never was on sea or land," the misty, luminous glow that is the delight and despair of painters. Translated into a light water-color wash of sienna, that delicate sky would have been flat and hopeless. But the etching struck the eye with the unmistakable look of truth, and Gustave Baumann smiled quietly to himself as I stood before it.

"All the fellows in Europe are messin' with it," he said, cheerfully. "Best fun in the world. I've spent most of my time on it lately, and found it more interesting than anything I ever tried before. Got excited one afternoon and ran off over two hundred prints — and how poignantly I did realize that I had shoulder muscles the next day! But out of the two hundred I got that" — with another jerk of the thumb — "and was quite satisfied to have a lame back."

"Doesn't Fritz Thaulow " I began doubtfully.

"Color etch? Indeed he does. Big plates, though — much bigger than most of us try. Tiny winter streams creeping darkly through snow-fields, peasant women going home at dusk, trodden snowy streets with orange windows glowing under the thatch—they're wonderful. Oh, you can get color and light effects with etching that you can't get any other way."

Certain it is that Mr. Baumann's work in this medium is delightful, and we only wish that we could reproduce some of his studies in color, for, at the best, black-and-white gives only a hint of their beauty.

HERR FREDRICH WORKED IN A FASCINATING LITTER OF BITS OF LEATHER

## HERR FRIEDRICH ULYSSES

IT'S a long time since I knew old Friedrich, the shoemaker,—a long, long vista of darkening years that I must look down to catch a glimpse of that faraway youngster, playing among the trees, who listened to Friedrich's fairy-tales and thought him such a wonderful person.

I had the run of our big yard, crowded near the house with larkspur and bleeding-heart and hollyhock, tapering off into rows of lettuce and cabbages, and ending in a tangled orchard that ran down to the picket-fence, quite out of sight of the porch-windows, where I played at exploring and fought over the Wars of the Roses in my own knickerbockered person.

But no small boy was ever contented to stay within even the most generous picket-fence, and—

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands,
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

In those foreign lands of sandwiched house and garden and vacant lot, Herr Friedrich had a bit of an old derelict shanty for a shop, anchored amid a sea of tin cans and burdocks on a scrap of No Man's Land.

Presto! I was over the fence.

"Tap! tap! tap!" went his hammer all day long as he sat on his leather-seated sagging stool and mended old boots for the community, in a fascinating litter of curious nails, bits of leather, waxed ends, and tools that were a gold mine. "Tap! tap! tap!" It lured me like the magic sound of the leprechaun's mallet, and somehow, I never knew how, I came to occupy the broken-legged chair, on the other side of the dark pail of water where his leathers soaked, a good many hours when my fond mother fancied me peacefully at play in the yard.

At first I sat there like a rabbit in a new lair, ready to jump at a footstep's jar, but gradually my shyness wore off, and we grew to be excellent friends.

Every fairytale of Andersen and Grimm was tucked away in Friedrich's grey-fringed head, and with every fresh boot there was a fresh Prince Charming. No wonder I preferred him to a family who talked about wearing rubbers when the grass was wet and made ukases about pieces of cake between meals.

One day I discovered that Friedrich had "sailed with young Ulysses from the quay" in his young days, and knew fairytales that were true. After that Andersen and Grimm were discarded. At home I sometimes dragged out the big old bound volumes of Leslie's Weekly and spent hours on my little stomach, heels in air, poring over the pictures of Emperors and Sultans and Congo Kings—but Friedrich had Leslie's Weekly distanced in the first lap.

It all began with Germelshausen. That wasn't the name of the little Bavarian village whence he came, of course. I don't think I ever heard him use its official title more than once or twice—when he spoke of it, it was simply "home"—but to my childish eyes it was a country of wonder and dream. One unforgettable day he dragged out from under his work bench a tiny model of the whole village, and permitted me, trembling with joy, to set it up under his direction. Just so went the hedged Garten of the Gasthaus, just so the curve of the poplar-bordered river that turned the mill, just so the cottages of the herd and the smith and the widow Gutmann whose only son was away serving his appointed years in the army. Here were the cows of the rich Müller, drinking at the pump; here Der Pfarr in busy converse with a black-cossacked Jesuit at the gate of the Kirche; here ruddy Herr Arnold, dispensing foaming steins to a farm lad or two at the door of the inn; and here, alas! Röslein, Röslein the

STUDY BY GUSTAVE BAUMANN
The Red-roofed, Turreted Castles of German Legend

STUDY BY GUSTAVE BAUMANN
One almost expects to see Gutenberg turn the corner, deep in plans for his printing press

fair-haired and false, Röslein the prettiest maid in all Germelshausen, who had held the hearts of half-a-dozen lads in her rosy fingers, and then one day suddenly married the good-for-nothing son of the rich Müller,—"der verflixte lausbub!" as Friedrich called him one day under his breath. So Friedrich had gone away forever from the tiny-windowed thatched cottages, and come to America to forget.

Inch-high figures they were, carved and painted to a marvel, and as I moved them hither and thither, Friedrich dropped the boot he was patching and told stories of them all. Personally, I had a preference for the big white house and mill of the rich Müller, whose Frau was famous for her pfeffernusse and kranzkuchen. If I could only have had one pfeffernuss, life would have had nothing more to offer me.

Then Friedrich took me yet further afield with him when, as an apprentice, he had gipsied through Bavaria, learning his trade in company with one Fritz Braunhold; when he had spent a winter in Italy, helping excavate the Roman Forum and living on black bread and sour wine; when he had crossed the ocean, with Röslein's fair head farther and farther away at every stroke of the screws; when he had drifted through the streets of New York, hungry, workless, knowing no English—well, it was all pure magic to my small ears, and even to-day I cannot hear those throaty Bavarian names without feeling the old thrill and smelling wet leather.

Friedrich is asleep in the bewreathed German cemetery now, and a cream-colored brick flat stands where his street-car defied the burdocks; but to him I owe my first glimpse of faraway lands and the wanderjahre of restless youth. I wonder if Röslein also is celebrated for her pfeffernusse?

### SHIP 'O DREAMS

PROBABLY there's not one of us so poor that he hasn't his ship of dreams. A pitiful little fleet, some of them, perhaps; not much more than the lighted candle the Japanese fishermen set afloat on the wide Pacific on

the night of the feast of the dead—but each one dear, unspeakably dear, to the dreamer. What does yours bear, little brown-eyed girl—a lover? And yours, lad with the wide-seeing eyes—a magic carpet to take you to far lands? And yours, hard-faced and shrewd-dealing merchant—a little son, all dimples and creases and wrinkly pink toes? And yours—ah, poor, poor! Just enough to eat every day in the year, this ship o' dreams holds—pity that it will never come true.

The trouble is that for most of us the dream ship never comes in, but remains a dream-ship, fair and far-away, to us all our lives. Tall and stately she may be, a rolling East-Indiaman, high-pooped, carven, sweeping before the trade-wind with her spreading glory of billowy sails cutting the sunny sky; very real and believable she may be, so real that you can even trace the pattern of the fret-work on her high stern and hear her sailors singing "Green grow the rushes, O!" and the thud of their bare feet at the capstan. But, somehow, despite the wireless reports, she never quite makes the quay,—and you go on believing in her, as you believe in fairies and fortune, without very much reason for it, but somehow not quite daring to let go the dream.

WATCHING HIS SHIP COME IN

Yet rarely, so rarely you might count them on your fingers, there are lucky mortals who see their ship of dreams come home in very truth. So rarely that in the old days minstrels would have made a song of them, and sung it at the tables. But in a few years men would have forgotten that it had once been truth, and by the time the second generation came, the song would be called only a minstrel's fancy, so very rarely did such a thing happen and so impossible would it seem.

Yet it's true; it happened so just the other day.

There was a lad born on a brush farm in Ontario—Donald Mann, by name—who had a dream-ship. It was a bit nebulous and uncertain then, as boys' ships are apt to be; but as he grew older it became more and more definite, and at last it carried a very clear and clean-cut vision of a line of steel cut across a continent, a line of steamers thrown across a sea, and all wheels turning steadily, one hundred clicks to the minute without a break or a change. Slowly he made that dream take form; head and hands often ached with the labor; but though work and weariness sometimes sat on his shoulders and etched lines in his face, the dream always shone ahead, powerful, compelling.

The ship that bore it came in a little while ago—the Royal Edward the first one of the new Royal line to cross the grey Atlantic from Bristol, the ancient port of the Society of Merchant Venturers, to Montreal, and the St. Lawrence quays. Aboard her was the news that that Ontario lad's partner, William Mackenzie, had secured abroad forty million, seven hundred thousand dollars, to be used in the development of the country and the transportation system that was their heart's desire. And, to see his face as he watched her make her landing was to know beyond a doubt that a dream-ship is worth the waiting, though somehow in the passing years the boy who first imagined her has grown bearded, and lined, and grey.

TWO MEN WHO TRAVEL AHEAD OF THE MAPS: MR. J. B. TYRRELL AND FATHER GIROUX

### AN HONOR DESERVED

IT will interest readers of CANADA MONTHLY to know that Mr. J. B. Tyrrell has recently been elected President of the Canadian Institute, the oldest scientific society in Canada. Mr. Tyrrell's work as a geologist, explorer, geographer and mining engineer has been noteworthy in Canadian annals. If any living man knows Canada from Prince Edward's Island to Port Simpson and from Fort Good Hope to the Boundary, it is Mr. Tyrrell. He was for years in advance of the maps, to say nothing of population. He found and reported upon places that now are the homes of thriving communities, but were then unknown, and he is recognized at home and abroad as a primary authority upon most of the natural conditions and resources of the Canadian dominion.

PIERRE—414 STRONG

Father Berube and his party of repatriated French Canadians, mostly from Maine, who are going to settle in Shellbrook, Saskatchewan. The party comprised 80 families, or 414 persons, and was photographed at Hamilton, Ontario. It is estimated that each family will take with it $1,000 and several good sets of muscles.

### AN EXPERT

"DO YOU know what to do if the auto should break down?" asks the thoughtful mother of the young man who is going to take her daughter out in his new runabout.

"Certainly," he answered.

The young people were quite late in returning. The fair young daughter rushed in to her mother and said:

"Oh, mamma! The auto did break down, but Jack knew exactly what to do. We-we are engaged!"

### AND IT WORRIES HIM

"I WONDER what brings that haunted expression into the eyes of Mr. Geebibb. Is there some unknown shadow over his past?" asks the man with the high collar and the low Adam's apple.

"Nothing like that," explains the man with the excessive ears. "Geebibb has six daughters—one is studying elocution, one is doing this fancy brass work, one is a parlor socialist, one wants to have a home for stray kittens in the back yard, one has taken up aesthetic dancing and the sixth is a dress reformer."

### UNHAPPY MAN

"YOU don't seem to be enjoying your meal," we say to the guest at our left.

"No," he admits. "Whenever I am getting a good dinner, the pleasure of overeating is marred by the knowledge that I will suffer later for my greediness."

### A PSALM OF HAIR

HEADS of bald men oft remind us
That our hair would be sublime
If the tonic men could find us
While there yet was lots of time.

### AFFINITIES

"IT certainly seems poetically appropriate," says the man with the rectangular ears.

"What does?" asks the man with the peeling nose.

"That a man with hay fever should marry a grass widow."

### POST GRADUATE

"IS HE an expert in debate?" asks the man of his friend who is commending an attorney.

"Is he? He has been married four times."

### EXCEEDING HIS PRIVILEGE

THE strange lady having cooly appropriated the strange gentleman's seat, tumbling his packages into the aisle and otherwise clearing things while he is at the end of the car getting a drink, is stiffly dignified when he mildly asserts that the seat is his. She refuses to vacate. For the instant he forgets that he is a gentleman, and says things.

"How dare you!" she exclaims. "You—you brute! You have the effrontery to talk to me as though I were married to you!"